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THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 23, 1960

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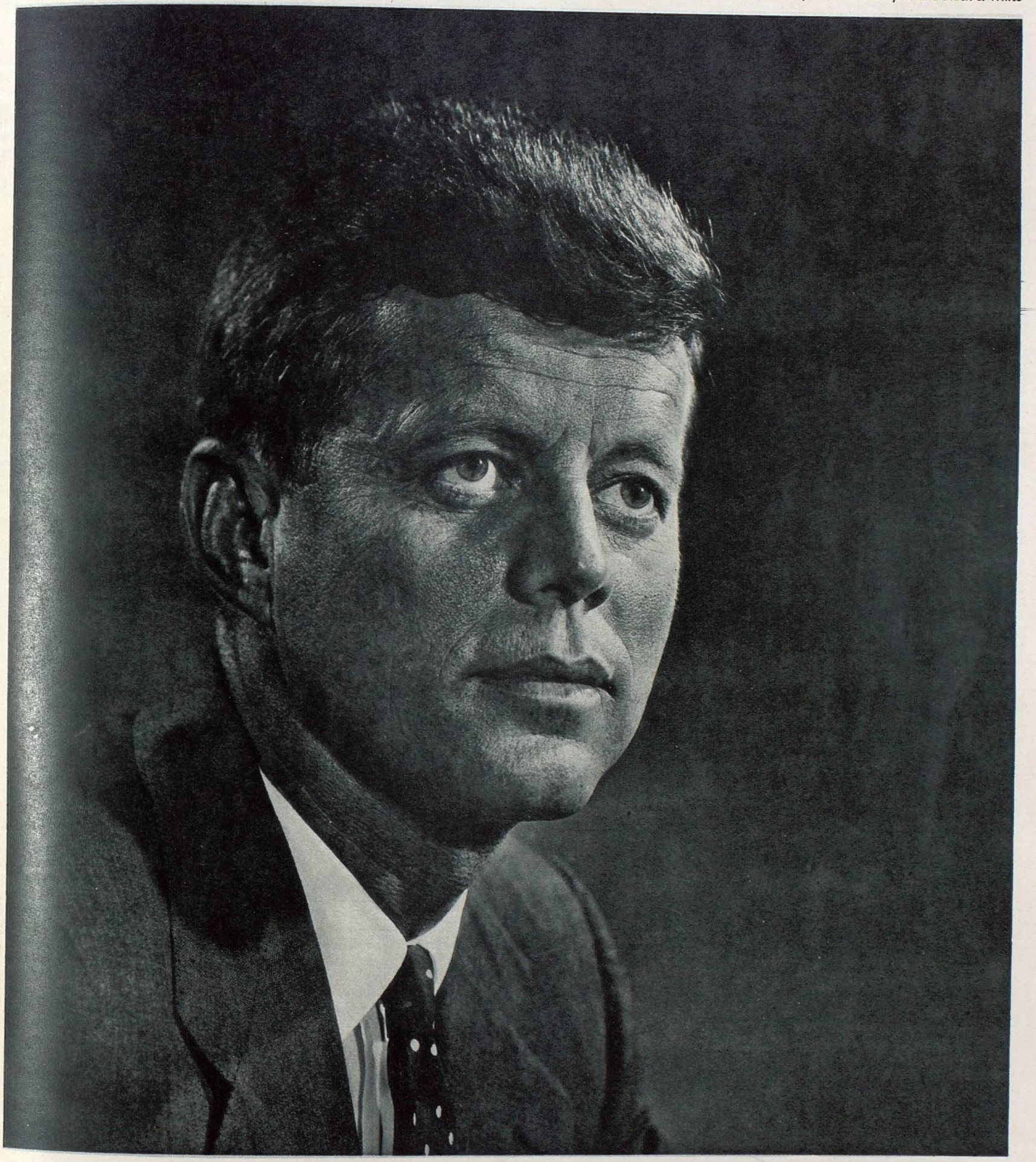

THE DEMOCRATIC CHOICE

Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, the victor at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles (photographed by Karsh of Ottawa). As he and his campaign managers had predicted, Senator Kennedy was elected on the first ballot to be the Democrats' candidate in the Presidential elections. He polled 806 votes to the 409 of Senator Lyndon Johnson, his nearest rival. It is confidently assumed that the Republicans will choose Vice-President Nixon as their candidate at their Convention starting on July 25. This means that the Presidential campaign will be fought between two politically skilled and tough fighters, who are members of the new generation in American politics. Kennedy is 43 and Nixon 46. Perhaps the only surprising occurrence of the gigantic, vociferous Democratic Convention came as the shouting died down. It was that Mr. Lyndon Johnson would run for Vice-President on the Kennedy ticket. As the leader of the Democrat majority in the Senate, he wields immense political power; since he comes from Texas, he has the support of the South; and he is a Protestant, thus balancing Senator Kennedy's Roman Catholicism. (Mr. Adlai Stevenson had announced that he did not want to be considered for the Vice-Presidency.)

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NEWS SUMMARY

East-West tension over the RB-47; U.N. and Congo; latest moves in Cuba; Russia's rockets; the seamen's strike

INTERNATIONAL

A forecast by an Italian doctor that the world would end on July 14 turned out to be incorrect, to the disappointment of several hundred people who had climbed up Mont Blanc in anticipation of being the sole survivors of the human race. Meanwhile the more sceptical majority of mankind was concerned with means of resolving a series of acute international crises so that the world should not end through the mass-suicide of another war. The Security Council was due to discuss Cuba on Monday. Congo was on the agenda for Tuesday and it was expected the RB-47 incident would be debated in the near future.

THE RB-47 CRISIS

Two months after the U-2 incident, the Russians shot down another American aircraft. This was an RB-47 and it was brought down over the Barents Sea on July 1. Mr. Khrushchev gave the news in **Moscow** on July 11, accused the aircraft of being engaged on "espionage" and sent notes to America, Britain (the RB-47 had flown from the U.S. base at Brize Norton) and Norway (it had flown over the Norwegian coast). The three countries were charged with being "accomplices in an act of aggression." Russia also asked for the matter to be considered by the Security Council as "a threat to general peace." **Washington** replied that the plane was thirty miles from Russian territory and was engaged on a lawful mission. America declared itself ready and willing for a full discussion in the Security Council on "this wanton shooting down." Britain's reply to the Soviet note was expected to be delivered early this week. It was understood it would support the American arguments about the flight of the RB-47 and make it clear that Russian threats can have no effect on Anglo-American defence arrangements. In the meantime talks had begun in Washington on the possible revision of the Attlee-Truman agreement of 1951 for the use of bases in Britain by the American Air Force. In **London** Mr. Macmillan was to answer more questions on the subject last Tuesday.

CONGO

The first United Nations troops arrived in **Leopoldville** at a time when Congo was in its worst state of confusion since the start of the crisis. There was a Cabinet crisis, with reports of ministerial resignations, in the central Congolese Government. Three Provinces had broken away from the central Government and proclaimed their own separatist regime with its centre at **Elisabethville.** A request from Belgium for an international commission of inquiry into the atrocities against Belgian citizens in Congo was expected to be put to the Security Council on Tuesday by Mr. Hammarskjöld. As a prelude to this, Mr. Lumumba, the Prime Minister of the Central Congolese Government, was reported to have threatened to call for Soviet troops unless Belgian troops were withdrawn. An airlift of food from Russia began last Monday.

CUBA

In spite of Dr. Castro being incapacitated through illness in **Havana,** there was no relaxation in the Cuban crisis. Mr. Khrushchev followed his threat of using rockets to support Cuba by declaring that the Monroe Doctrine was "dead and buried." (The Doctrine was laid down in 1823 by President Monroe and was aimed at keeping the influence of the Old World out of the New World.) President Eisenhower replied that it was still very much alive and wearing modern dress in the form of the Organisation of American States, founded in 1948. Complaints of "economic aggression" by the United States were filed by Cuba with the Security Council. Counter-complaints against Cuba were made by the U.S. It was understood that **Washington** would press at the Security Council for the matter to be referred to the Council of the O.A.S. as being strictly the concern of this regional organisation.

There were reports that China was beginning to take a hand in the struggle for influence in Cuba between international Communism and the U.S.A. **Pekin** was said to have offered to buy some of the sugar which Moscow undertook to purchase when the U.S. cut its imports from Cuba. Also China was considering establishing diplomatic relations with Cuba. It was not known how far the Chinese moves had the approval of **Moscow.** Early this week Major Raoul Castro, brother of the Cuban Premier, was in the Soviet capital. There were suggestions that he might be starting to negotiate a Russian-Cuban security pact.

THE SOVIET UNION

A statement issued in **Moscow** on July 17 after a meeting of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party gave some indication of current Kremlin policy. On the one hand reference was made to "the possibility of peaceful co-existence of states with different social systems and prevention of wars." This, it was claimed, was in accordance with modern Marxist-Leninist thinking and was presumably intended as a rebuff to the Chinese and other "fundamentalists" who hold that world Communism can only come through war and revolution. On the other hand, the Central Committee's statement also declared that "in view of the existence of imperialism the ground for aggressive war still exists." Most observers took this statement to be a justification by Mr. Khrushchev of his blatant efforts to increase world tension while still posing as a champion of peace.

Western intelligence reports released last week-end gave details of Russia's present strength in military missiles. In all there are thought to be some 200,000 people staffing a total of 100 bases. Ten are fully operative with inter-continental missiles armed with H-bomb warheads. These could reach targets at a distance of 6,000 miles. Another thirty are armed with 1,500-mile-range missiles. Most of the bases are understood to be in Western Russia or on the Siberian coast facing the Arctic.

GREAT BRITAIN

The unofficial seamen's strike affected many parts of the country. In the **Western Isles,** off the coast of Scotland, shortage of food became very serious and ships of the Royal Navy took in supplies. In the north of **Ireland** several thousand holidaymakers were stranded because of the cancellation of shipping services. An airlift was organised to bring many of them home. It was feared the tourist traffic, upon which many of the northern Irish resorts depend, might be brought to a standstill unless the strike was soon settled. The cause of the stoppage was a demand for higher pay and a shorter working week. The strikers were also calling for a reorganisation of the National Union of Seamen, which had opposed the strike.

In political circles in **Westminster** there was an increasing opinion that changes in the Cabinet would soon be announced. The reason was the wish of Mr. Heathcoat Amory to retire from the Chancellorship. His successor would take over at a difficult time because of the decrease in Britain's exports. The trade gap between imports and exports for June was £99,000,000, the widest for three-and-a-half years. Mr. Macmillan was to address leading industrialists concerned with the export market last Monday.

The Labour Party dropped any possibility of the revision of Clause 4. This was decided by a large majority at a meeting of the National Executive in **London**. It was agreed that any amendment to the clause should not be put to the Party Conference this year. Thus the Party remains committed to the nationalisation of all means of production, distribution and exchange and Mr. Gaitskell has had to abandon his attempt to persuade his followers to accept his compromise of part public, part private ownership. It was anticipated he would now marshal all his strength to resist any proposals for committing Labour to unilateral nuclear disarmament.

The **London** theatre has been going through a difficult time this season. A large number of plays have appeared in the West End, only to vanish almost overnight. There is a divergence of opinion over the reasons for their failure: the plays were bad; the theatre public wants fresh forms of entertainment; it has become fashionable for theatre reviewers to be highly critical. The latest of the failures was Terence Rattigan's musical *Joie de Vivre*, which is recorded on pages 120-121 of this issue. It lasted only four nights at the Queen's Theatre, to the disappointment of those who remembered *French Without Tears* from which the musical was adapted.

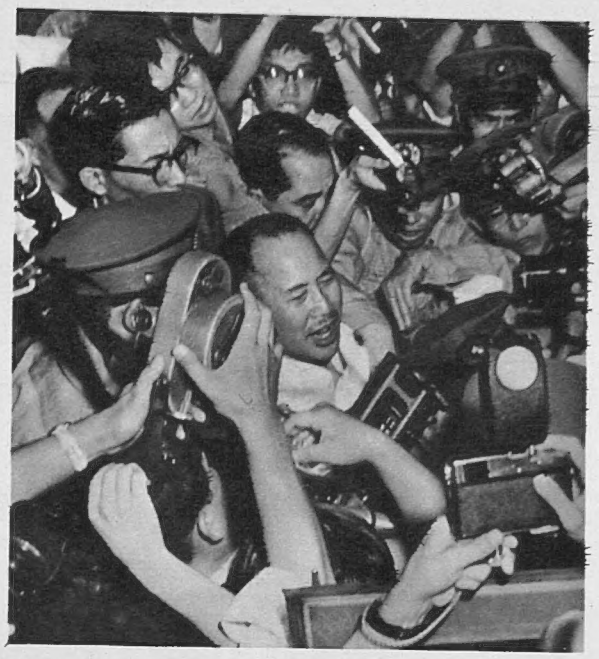
ITALY

Over last week-end, moves were made to form a new "emergency" Government in **Rome,** designed to guarantee a political truce during the Olympic Games. The Christian Democrats, the largest party, withdrew their support from Signor Tambroni, who had been governing Italy with the assistance of the Neo-Fascists (the Christian Democrats do not have an overall majority).

Signor Moro, the Christian Democratic Party Secretary, announced that an understanding had been reached for the formation of a new minority Christian Democrat Government with the support of the Liberals, Social Democrats and Republicans. It was understood that Signor Fanfani, leader of the party's left wing, had been designated as the new Prime Minister.

Over the last few weeks, a long period of party strife had come to a head with demonstrations and riots in many parts of Italy. The result of the discord between the Fascists and the Communists was the re-emergence of the old Liberation Front, with all the anti-Fascist parties in temporary alliance with the Communists. Signor Saragat, the Social Democrat leader, offered his party's support to a Christian Democrat emergency government which was to act as a bridge towards a future left-centre coalition. It is the third time that the Christian Democrats have been forced to a point of implied collaboration with the left. The first time, Signor Fanfani governed for eight months until January 1959 and on the second, last April, he was prevented from forming a left-centre government by the veto of the Roman Catholic Church.

MR. KISHI WOUNDED IN THE LEG



THE ASSAILANT IS SURROUNDED

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

At a reception held at his official residence in Tokyo, Mr. Kishi, the outgoing Japanese Prime Minister, was stabbed six times in the thigh. His assailant was said to be a member of a pre-war ultra-nationalist organisation called Taikagai, an offshoot of the Black Dragon Society, responsible for terrorism in the 1930's. Mr. Kishi's wounds were superficial and he was expected to be well again in two weeks. While he was in hospital he signed the necessary documents in order to clear the way for the election of the new Prime Minister. Mr. Hayato Ikeda, the Minister of Trade and Industry in the outgoing Cabinet, was chosen as the Prime Minister-designate

WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN

King Gustav VI Adolf is followed by Queen Louise on their arrival at London Airport. During his unofficial visit to Britain, King Gustav was to be formally admitted to the Royal Society during the opening ceremony at the Royal Albert Hall of the tercentenary celebrations of the Society. King Gustav was elected a Royal Fellow in 1959. (An article on the Tercentenary of the Royal Society appears in this issue.)

Far left:

Sergeant G. Westling, of Vancouver, Canada, is chaired in the traditional fashion by fellow competitors after winning the Queen's Prize at Bisley. The Queen's Prize is the main event at Bisley, and this year saw the centenary of the shooting championships. Sergeant Westling won with a score of 280 points, and received his prize of £250, a gold medal and a gold badge, from the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. Second to Sergeant Westling was Major D. L. S. Langley with 277; Captain E. L. Warner and Chf. Tech. R. S. Boyman, both with aggregates of 276 points were placed third and fourth

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

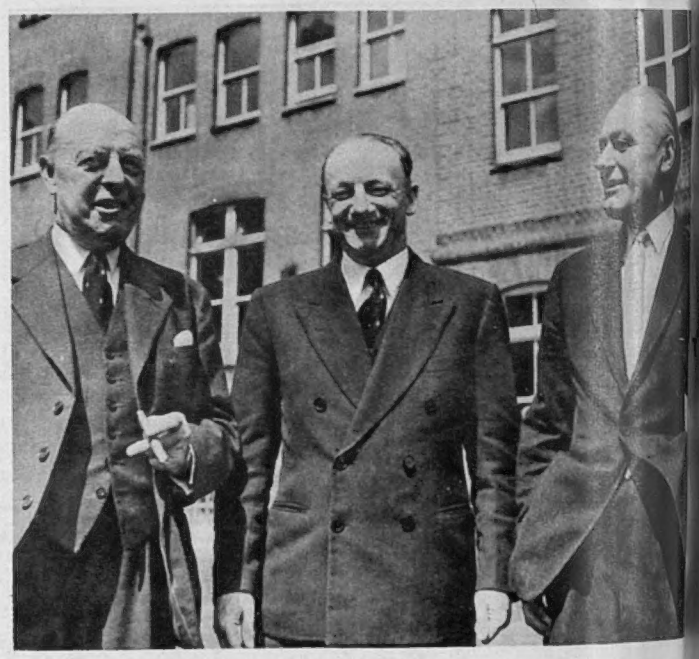
The traditional parade is photographed from the top of the Arc de Triomphe. Flying overhead are Nord Atlas military transport aircraft. General de Gaulle, with heads of the recently-independent French African states, took the salute on the Champs-Elysees. Eleven thousand men marched or drove past the President. It was reported from Paris that the structure of the French Army was likely to undergo changes in the next five years. The military " programme law " due before Parliament this week was believed to provide for a huge increase in expenditure on atomic plant, rockets and aircraft. (The programme law is a skeleton of the armed forces' plans for the future.) According to these reports, over half the expenditure of nearly £9,000,000 would be for a nuclear force

At Reading University, from left are: Professor I. Darin, of Russia; Professor E. Akerberg, of Sweden; Professor E. Crampton, of Canada; the Duke of Edinburgh; Sir John Wolfenden, the Vice-Chancellor; Lord Bridges, the Chancellor; and Mr. C. Hubbard, deputy director, the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. Sir John Wolfenden presented Prince Philip for the conferment of an honorary degree of Doctor of Science. The Vice-Chancellor said in his speech that he ventured to assert there was no man living more versatile than the Duke of Edinburgh. In reply, the Duke said that some people might feel he had been presented in a rosy glow of perfection. "It must be pretty well known," he said, "that I never earned an honest degree in my life and I certainly never made any effort to gain an honorary one"

THE HONORARY DEGREE CONGREGATION AT READING UNIVERSITY

With Big Ben in the background, Stirling Moss plays backgammon on a balcony of St. Thomas's Hospital in London. He has made a quick recovery from his serious accident, while practising for the Belgian Grand Prix, and although unable to compete in the British Grand Prix at Silverstone last Saturday, he was expected to be present

STIRLING MOSS ON HIS FEET AGAIN



Far right: At Lord's are Mr. H. S. Altham (President of the M.C.C.); Sir Donald Bradman (Australia) and Mr. G. O. Allen (M.C.C.). The Imperial Cricket Conference had a number of controversial matters on its agenda. The rules dealing with the appointment of umpires for Test Matches were re-drafted; the problems of bowlers' drag and time-wasting discussed; and the question of throwing debated

THE IMPERIAL CRICKET CONFERENCE

A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY

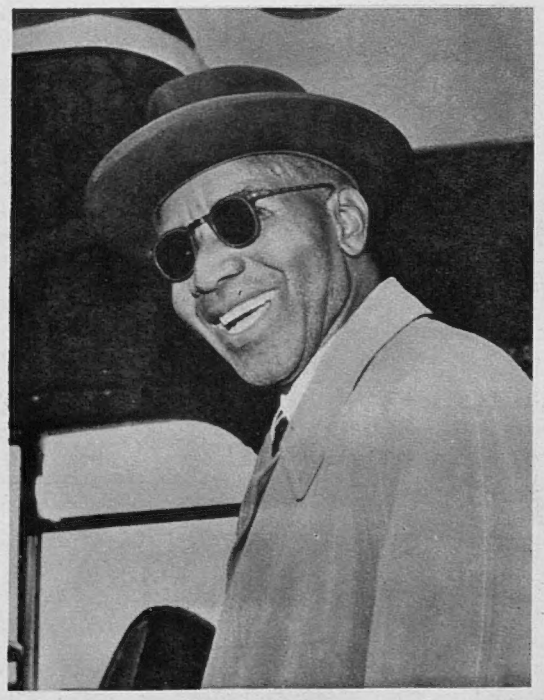
The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones are seen with some of the guests at a garden party given by the Queen and Prince Philip last week at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alexandra of Kent, and other members of the Royal Family were also present. Since they returned from their honeymoon, Princess Margaret and her husband have attended the Royal Tournament at Earls Court, a farewell parade of the 3rd Battalion the Grenadier Guards, and the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships. On July 21 they were due to attend the gala performance of the Girl Guides' Jubilee Festival at Wembley. Princess Margaret recently issued her first circular from her new home, Kensington Palace, after she had received Colonel Sybil Irving, who is Honorary Colonel, the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Members of the 10th Turkish Brigade file under a banner above the quay at the port of Inchon in South Korea. They were about to embark to return to Turkey and were sailing home by way of Japan and Thailand. Half of the Turkish brigade had just completed a 12-month tour of duty with the First United States Corps. It was understood they were being replaced by other Turkish troops. Turkey was one of the countries which sent contingents to the United Nations Force in the Korean War of ten years ago. Since the end of hostilities under the armistice of July 1953, Turkey has maintained a small force in South Korea. It is serving with various other United Nations contingents under the U.N. flag and is administered by the United States Army, which has the bulk of the troops in Korea

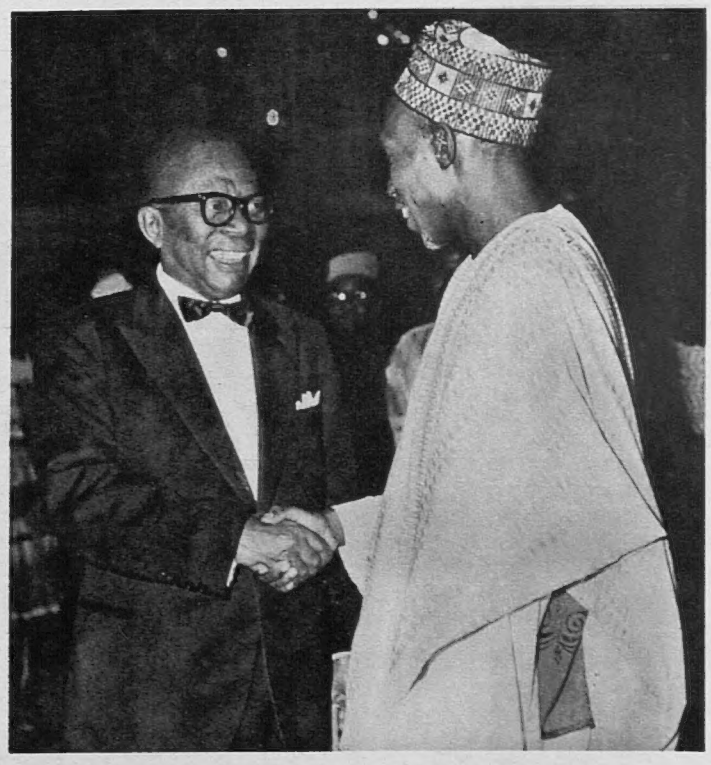
TURKISH TROOPS LEAVE KOREA

The Nyasaland African leader arrived in London last week for the talks on the future constitution of Nyasaland which are due to begin next Monday (July 25). Dr. Banda said he would be asking for a clear African majority on the Legislative Council, elected by universal adult suffrage. He added that he had arrived "in a hopeful and pleasant frame of mind" and that there was no question of events in Congo being repeated in Nyasaland



DR. BANDA IN LONDON

Far right: President Tubman is greeted in Lagos by the Federal Prime Minister of Nigeria, Sir Abubakar Balewa. The Head of State of Liberia was making a ten-day State Visit to the Federation in return for the visit of the Governor-General of Nigeria, Sir James Robertson, last year. During his stay, President Tubman toured the Nigerian regions, spending two days in each



THE LIBERIAN PRESIDENT IN NIGERIA

M. Spaak, the Secretary-General of Nato, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd enter No. 10 Downing Street to lunch with Mr. Macmillan. Last week M. Spaak came to London for a day to confer with British Ministers. The main subject of their discussions was understood to have been Britain's attitude towards the proposal for arming some Nato countries with the Polaris missile

BRITAIN AND NATO ARMS

Far right: President Abboud, of Sudan, and President Tito toast each other in Belgrade at a luncheon given in honour of the Sudanese President during his State Visit to Yugoslavia. President Tito chose the occasion to put forward again his view that the neutralist nations should have a voice in the settlement of the current major international problems

A SUDANESE-YUGOSLAV TOAST

CONGO IN FERMENT

A Belgian paratroop patrol checks the identity of a Congolese near Leopoldville

General Cumont, Belgian Army Commander, President Kasavubu (*centre*) and Mr. Lumumba

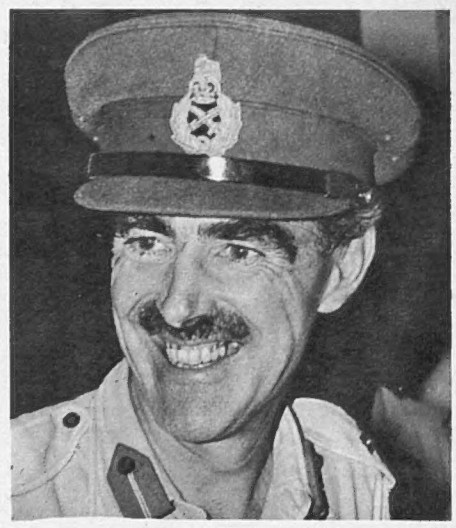
The Security Council agreed on July 14 (Britain and France abstaining) to send a U.N. police force to Congo. Its role would be to take over from the Belgian forces, who were to be withdrawn. United Nations contingents were requested from Tunisia, Ghana, Morocco and Ethiopia. Last Monday it was announced that at the wish of the U.N. representative in Congo, the size of the force was to be increased. Three European countries, one Asian and one Latin American country, were also asked to participate. Major-General von Horn, of Sweden, was appointed commander of the U.N. troops. Until he arrived in Leopoldville, Dr. Bunche, the Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations, was in charge of military operations.

The internal situation was very confused early this week. Three Provinces—Katanga, Kasai and Kivu—had split off from the central Government and had declared themselves a separate state. The Trust Territory of Ruanda-Urundi was understood to be seeking to join them. Mr. Tshombe, of Katanga, who had become the self-styled Prime Minister of the Separatists, sent a request to Britain for recognition. The British attitude was that the future of Congo must now be settled by the United Nations.

In Leopoldville the difficulties of the Lumumba central Government were increased by the resignation of Mr. Joseph Yava, the Minister for Economic Affairs. He said the gravity of events and the powerlessness of the Government had caused him to take this step. A report that three other ministers had resigned was denied by Mr. Justin Bomboko, the Foreign Minister, who was among those named as having given up office.

Meanwhile, various parts of the country were threatened with food shortage and the U.N. troops were called to Thysville, in the south, where Congolese troops had fired on a Belgian aircraft and brought it down. The exodus of refugees continued over the borders in all directions and the economy of Congo was nearing paralysis.

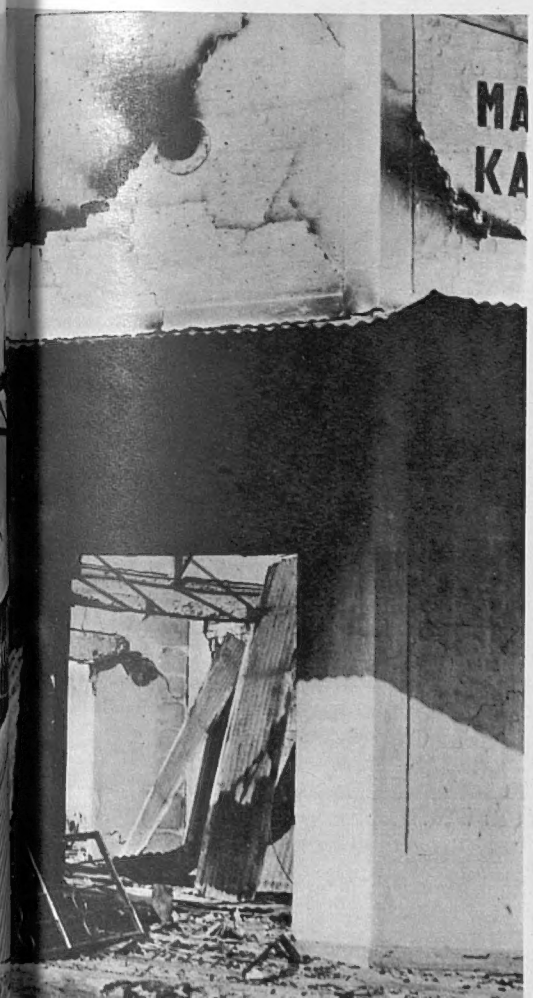
Mr. Tshombe, the Separatist leader. He headed the break from Lumumba



Major-General Alexander, commanding Ghanaian troops of the U.N. Force in Congo

Demonstrators run along a boulevard in Leopoldville. An ugly situation was prevented from developing into a riot by the initiative of General Alexander

Below: A burnt-out house in Elisabethville. **Below right:** Dr. Bunche (*standing, centre*) was in charge of the deployment of United Nations troops in Congo



JOHN CONNELL

THIS IS THE TRANSFER OF POWER

Until the middle of last week I had never heard, I must frankly confess, the name of Mr. Bomboko, who then held the post of Foreign Minister in the Government of the newly created Republic of Congo. But he merits, it seems to me, an honourable niche in history, as a good man and a brave man in a time of horror, grief and shame. Since the United Nations, as soon as the Republic was proclaimed, hastened to admit the Congo on the curious grounds that it now had a "responsible" government, it might have been expected that Mr. Bomboko would have been in New York, making speeches, shaking hands, riding around in a big limousine and appearing on television.

To his eternal honour, Mr. Bomboko wasn't. In Leopoldville, a capital in which by the beginning of last week all government authority had vanished, with strikes spreading and everyone wanting higher salaries and the total Africanisation of the administration, with mutinous soldiers roaming the streets in search of prey, and the remaining Europeans a disorganised besieged huddle, Mr. Bomboko, who had not slept for five nights, was (according to *The Times*' Correspondent in Leopoldville) " running everywhere to protect Europeans and Africans alike." His efforts had brought him into conflict with his Prime Minister, Mr. Lumumba. When he was asked if he would continue to hold on, because there were rumours both that he might resign and that he might stage a coup, he told *The Times*' Correspondent, " Perhaps another week, if I am still alive."

In all the welter of sorrow over Africa let us not forget Mr. Bomboko. It is not however possible yet to assess, with any degree of accuracy, the magnitude either of the collapse of the new Republic or of its repercussions and implications. That it is unquestionably a disaster—social, political and economic, as well as moral—on a scale unequalled since the Allies' defeat in the Far East in 1942, has only just begun to be comprehended. But amongst the politicians and political commentators, who for years past have spoken and written with so slick an assurance about " emergent Africa," have any yet faced the fact that this is only the first instalment of the grim account ?

Have any yet contemplated the possibility that, in their glib optimism about the magical qualities of political independence, in their persistent fawning on and flattering of their black African counterparts and in their spiteful contempt of the European settlers, they themselves may have been wrong, as well as ignorant and foolish ? Has one of them had the courage or the candour to consider his own moral responsibility for the catastrophe ?

Of course not. It is not possible for them, in their cold, priggish arrogance, to have thoughts or feelings of this order, because they imply the acceptance of harsh concepts such as sin, repentance and the plea for forgiveness. As the Congo crisis developed, British newspapers' reporting of it was vivid and truthful; comment among almost all the supposedly "responsible" newspapers was fatuously pompous, and callous to the point of brutality. I remembered the incident concerning the senior staff officer in Haig's G.H.Q. in 1917 who, some weeks after the opening of the Passchendaele offensive, went up and saw the forward areas, cried out " Did we send men to fight in conditions like these? " and burst into tears; and I realised that this officer was a sensitive, humane and civilised man compared with the present day's ardent advocates of African nationalism.

They themselves escape the consequences of their mistakes. Not for them the scurry in the dawn to ferry-boats (" Quick, Angélique, quick," " No, Aristide, no, you may *not* take your teddy-bear," " Mama, Mama, Raoul has no buttons on his pyjamas . . . "), to be confronted by a row of soldiers with sub-machine guns, barring the road to freedom. Mama, Angélique, Aristide and Raoul are only reactionary white settlers, who did not adjust properly to the wind of change. Their sufferings may be worth half a line in a patronising paragraph, full of earnest hopes that the Governments of Kenya and the Rhodesias " will draw rational, rather than emotional, conclusions from Belgian mistakes." It is easy enough, in Tudor Street, or Amen Court, to be rational about the mistakes of Mama, Angélique, Aristide and Raoul, of this new generation of Belgian refugees. But what about your own ? Will it be just as easy to be cool and unemotional when the refugees have Christian names like Penelope and Bridget, Jane, Kenneth and Robin ? I have a dreadful suspicion that it will. It is just as grievous a mistake for a child to have been born of white settler parentage in Africa in the past decade, as it was to have been born of Jewish parentage in Germany at any time between 1923 and 1940.

A 91-year-old refugee from Congo arrives in Brussels

The course of events in the Congo Republic—the swift collapse of law and order, the mutiny of troops pathetically believed by their European commanders to be " staunchly loyal," the humiliation, beating-up, rape and persecution of settlers and officials, the breakdown into ancient tribal rivalries—indicates with terrible precision what is almost inevitable elsewhere. A full fortnight before the bleak farce of the transfer of power was enacted, in which the unfortunate young King of the Belgians was induced to play a part, Mr. C. O. Oates, a leading Kenya settler, pointed out in a letter to *The Times* that " while Kenya has not felt the impact of the European evacuation of the Congo as much as Uganda and Tanganyika, those people who live in the western part of the country cannot fail to see the stream of motor cars with C.B. (Congo Belge) marked on them, packed to the rooftops, reminiscent of France twenty years ago, which pass along the roads." In the much more urgent situation last week, what real confidence could a European in Kenya feel, when adjured by Mr. Towett, Kenya's Minister of Agriculture (who is also an official of the Kenya African Democratic Union), to " have faith and work hard, and leave the future to Africans " ? Or in Mr. Mboya's announcement that " All of us are anxious that the disturbing situation in the Congo should be resolved as soon as possible. I am confident that if everyone keeps his head it will be resolved " ?

The European minorities in East and Central Africa are faced with a tragic dilemma which, it must be insisted *now* for the sake of historical truth and before the lie-factories get to work, is none of their making. We are already becoming conscious of the bitterness of the sense of betrayal among the Belgian fugitives from the Congo; they blame—as they have every right to blame—their own Government for their plight. With a twist this has been taken up by the British supporters of African nationalism; the hypocrisy of their condemnation should not go unnoticed. For, in the territories for which Britain still retains some shreds of responsibility, the abdication is going to be just as precipitate, and just as catastrophic. Comparisons with Ghana and Nigeria have no meaning. The closest analogy is with India, in the last dreadful skelter before August 15, 1947; India had both a tradition and a strong fabric of administration; India had the noble, selfless leadership of its last British Commander-in-Chief and the devotion to duty of its small cadre of British officers of the Indian Army. Yet more than 2,000,000 innocent men, women and children died in the troubles after the hand-over of power.

In British Africa there must be no shifting of the responsibility. There is now no administrative fabric such as there was in India. There is no great leader, military or civil, to stand rocklike in the swirl of chaos. To quote Mr. Oates again, " H.M. Government's desire for disengagement in Africa will result in the country being handed over long before there is a government capable of taking over and governing." That is the simple truth, which cannot be evaded. Some months ago, in the B.B.C.'s *Any Questions*, I encountered a young woman of liberal views, named Miss Manuela Sykes, who was outraged when I spoke of the danger of leaving my own friends and relations in Africa " at the mercy " of African nationalists; she thought my use of those words was reactionary colonialism at its worst. Since then, here in *The Sphere* and wherever else, in private or in public, that I have had the chance, I have hammered home the necessity of preparing for a catastrophe which I dread, which I still hope and pray will never happen. Again and again, not to scaremonger, not to condemn, but in a simple desire to save lives (I admit that some of those lives are of people I love, and is *that* something to be ashamed of ?), I have called for a major rescue operation.

On Wednesday, July 13 *The Guardian* (of Manchester) warned its readers that the disorders in Katanga might reach such a pitch that *an urgent rescue operation would be needed.* I welcome a powerful, if tardy, convert. But I still am sickened by the thought that the fate of thousands of our stock in Africa may be governed by those harsh words, " Too little and too late."

Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, accompanied by the Sultana, comes ashore from the liner *Kenya* at Tilbury. Immediately behind the Sultan is their adopted daughter, Sayyida Amal. The ruler from the British Protectorate off the east coast of Africa had arrived to spend a private visit of two months in Britain. He plans to stay in Southern England and in Scotland. Sir Khalifa, who succeeded to his throne in 1911, will be eighty-one next month. Zanzibar has recently been in the news as a result of the Constitutional Review carried out by Sir Hilary Blood. In his report, published last month, Sir Hilary recommends that the Legislative Council should consist of twenty-nine members of which twenty-one should be elected. At present there are only six elected members of the Council. Changes are also proposed, for the Executive Council, over which the British Resident will continue to preside. The recommendations are being studied in London and in Zanzibar

ZANZIBAR'S SULTAN IN BRITAIN

b

An American RB-47 jet bomber comes in to land at the U.S. base at Brize Norton, in Oxfordshire. The aircraft is of the same type as that which the Russians claimed to have shot down on July 1

The new public library at Kensington, in London, was opened ve Vincent Harris, the library is the first part of an ambitious pr

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

ON THE BRINK? When first the incident of the shooting down of the U.S. reconnaissance aircraft over the Barents Sea was made public, most of us felt that the fat was indeed in the fire. The affair happened only two months after the U.2 incident which shook America's allies. Once more, Mr. K. held all the cards in his new game of intensified Cold War. The plane had flown from a British base. Therefore clearly Britain was an accomplice in planned aggression, and Norway, despite her recent " assurances," was implicated also in consenting. Mr. Macmillan, already awaiting a grilling in Parliament over American bases in Britain, would be seriously shaken. The Opposition would use to the full a deadly weapon of attack handed them on a plate; the British nation would at last demand to be released from the fetters of U.S. ham-handed leadership. Second thoughts came mercifully quickly. There was something suspicious about the *timing* of the release by Mr. K. The Russians had been co-operating in the search for the plane they had destroyed days ago. The nature of the questions already listed for the Premier's replies on July 11 on American bases was known in Russia. And was the weapon put into the Opposition's hand quite so deadly? Was this weapon not even more deadly to their new defence policy? There was a general feeling that it would be unwise to go off the deep-end too soon, a feeling shared by the Opposition and the man in the street. After all, we had only the U.S.S.R.'s side of the story. It remains to say, despite all that was said in the House of Commons and all let fall by American statesmen and publicists, the U.S.A. are indeed in a delicate situation internationally while they concentrate most of their energies on the Presidential election. To be loved and respected as a world leader is a noble ambition. But it cannot be bought with astronomical millions of money or even soft words so long as more of her vast wealth is spent on protecting her treasure house with weapons of war than goes in bribes to keep the peace; least of all against a rival that has less to lose in reckless brinkmanship and is prepared to stand nearer the brink. That is true with Cuba no less than with Russia.

NEW BROOM AT THE TREASURY? It seems certain now that before the summer recess the Premier will have chosen and announced Mr. Amory's successor with the consequent Cabinet shuffle. This " summer shuffle " is regarded as very satisfactory as it will enable the new Chancellor and new Ministers to be well installed before the autumn session. (We are assured that Mr. Butler and Mr. Macleod will stay where they are.) The advantage of this summer shuffle falls largely on Mr. Amory's successor. He will be fixed in the saddle by the time the departments are preparing their new estimates of another year's expenditure of our money and it is even said that he may exert influence upon these plans for our good. That, I suppose, will depend on the new broom. He might, of course, merely inherit and carry on the tolerant Treasury control of expenditure which has become traditional in recent times, succeeding Chancellors accepting it that Government expenditure is virtually " cut to the bone." He may be another soft broom. He might, if he were chosen from outside the charmed circle, be a modern Hoover, and go back to the age of Gladstone and have a concern for the people's pence and for the old principle that we must be taxed only to pay for what we *must* have and cannot get cheaper in any other way. He might, if he can find the time and show the courage, really examine some great and vastly expensive project, which in Government opinion is " inevitable " and part of our destiny as a leading power, and decide for himself whether indeed it is, in our present circumstances and in the uncertainty of the times, so essentially for the nation's good as to be merely a matter of lopping off a million or so; or whether it may not be a project too uncertain in its resulting national benefit to be justified at all. The space programme is an example. Can a British Government justify the expenditure of many million pounds on a project that has no defined objective beyond national prestige? It would certainly demand a strong man to examine departmental estimates in such a way, root and branch, and not merely with a secateur, and a very strong man, indeed, to carry a Cabinet with him to the discomfiture of the all powerful scientists.

AXE OR SECATEUR? Occasionally in our history there have been found strong men at the Treasury, men with axes which they have wielded with effect and with a will. But a Conservative Premier and Cabinet to-day might find it too embarrassing to choose such a man, if he could be found. He might upset the comfortable applecart of umpteen million Budgets and might give the taxpayers unwholesome ideas about tax reductions. Such a strong man at the Treasury to-day would certainly have to be found *outside* politics. Ministers are far too dyed-in-the-wool traditionalists on public spending, and have their own political careers to consider. The strong man, if he were found, would need to arm himself not only with an axe. There is plenty of scope still for his secateur. " Take care of the pence " was Gladstone's slogan and he held strong and definite views on *justified* public spending. He played a dual role, long forgotten at the Treasury. He regarded himself not only as Chancellor, but as a trustee of the nation's taxpayers. Mr. Amory will fade from

k by the Queen Mother. Designed by Mr. E. a civic centre which is planned for Kensington

At Apsley House, in London, once the home of the first Duke of Wellington, are (left to right) El Marques de Santa Cruz, the Spanish Ambassador; Señor Castiella, the Spanish Foreign Minister; the present Duke of Wellington; and Señora Castiella

he political stage with the respect and affection of all parties in the House. He was a "human" Chancellor, with plenty of moral courage and o *personal* axe to grind. But, if ever the day come when the taxpayers rise up to challenge their Government's now traditional acceptance of vast expenditure on schemes recommended by the dictator-scientists as essential for our good, there will be need of a Chancellor who is not tradition-bound and is strong enough to examine every departmental project with a heavy axe (and not merely secateurs in his hand), and to carry the Cabinet with him.

CONGO "INDEPENDENCE." "Imperialism" is a word which has been so deftly handled by our enemies that it is safe to say that no statesman in public life in the West would venture to speak the truth as he sees it concerning the surrender of sovereignty without long and meticulous preparation, to all and any race or agglomeration of races which demands it loud enough. That sovereignty and freedom are the ultimate right of every nation that has learned how to use them has been the principal and ultimate aim and basic logic of our "colonialism" throughout its history; and our record in fulfilment can stand historical examination so far. We have often been charged with being too slow to yield. We have not yet been charged with a reckless gamble in order to be shot of a trusteeship, without the least consideration for the probable consequences to our own nationals or to the minorities in the newly enfranchised nations. We have at least studied the characters of the leaders who will assume control, we have weighed the stage of civilisation in the peoples to be freed, we have sought to safeguard the rights of minorities and of British residents and we have spent all the time we could in educating an adequate number of politicians and administrators to a stage which would enable them to make a fair start in the exceptionally difficult task of taking over the Government of a young and inexperienced nation on "democratic" principles. We have been well aware that the word "democratic" must bear a dozen different meanings, that parliamentary government would not quickly assume the pattern of Westminster. More than that, we have never assumed that a common stage of development has been attained by all the African nations clamouring for freedom. What may be possible here or there on the West Coast we have never accepted as possible everywhere on the East. We may have moved too fast, pressed on by world opinion. But never yet to the extent of yielding to a reckless gamble in human lives and property. We have not (and I hope we never will) handed over, lock, stock and barrel, the rights and security of our own nationals and defenceless minorities to a Government or body of leaders who have no more experience in the art of government or administration than has a private soldier in commanding an allied army group.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN. No doubt at the moment, fruitful fields for overseas investment are not as many or as hopeful as they were. There are many new nations which cry out for our money, but their newly-won independence sometimes suggests that they were not quite ready for the great day and that teething troubles for some time to come may make foreign investment in their countries' concerns rather less safe and profitable (even) than British Trustee securities. Mercifully for the nations, young or old, which need our money to develop their resources, memory is short. In my youth, for a time, I held a minor legal post in the newly-formed Public Trustee Office, and day after day, year after year, that fine department poured the money entrusted to it (on the strict advice of the most reputable stockbroker firms) into South American Railway Debentures, sanctioned by the individual investment clauses. The Argentine Railways took the lion's share in these allocations for the trusts of widows and orphans. In the event some of those orphans had a raw deal. Not all of those South American railways and other concerns did the very best they could to stand by their bonds when the passage of years had enabled them to recover somewhat from the inevitable setbacks of chance, wars, recessions and political upsets. And when I read that a great oil company is thinking of investing £30,000,000 in new installations in Argentina, I remember the old days at the Public Trustee Office and its "safe as houses" choices and bring them to the notice of the Frondizi Government. My own little nest-egg was rather cracked in that basket.

MIS-CALLED. There is some justification for the criticism that all those who have to repeat in public the surnames of V.I.P.s, whether in sporting events or other public functions, should learn how such names are pronounced. Many foreign names are, of course, difficult to pronounce. Khrushchev took us quite a long time; but there are usually people of all tongues who can be consulted at meetings like Wimbledon, and representatives of most nations, if not of every nation under the sun, can be fairly easily "contacted" in London. But foreign names are not the announcer's only headache. I was a little shocked by the B.B.C.'s most courtly M.C., Mr. Dimbleby, during the wedding ceremonies of Princess Margaret. He mispronounced both the name Lascelles and De Vesci. The former mispronunciation was inexcusable, since that family has been connected with the Royal Family since 1922, but Lascelles remains one of the most obstinately mispronounced surnames in England. We most of us know there is "a catch somewhere" in Marjoribanks and Cholmondeley, but we refuse to believe there is a catch in Lascelles. Wimbledon is so international that every effort should be made to arrive at a reasonable rendering of a difficult foreign surname. It would be a pity if we decided to compel foreign entrants to assume British *noms de jeu* for the duration of the tournament. Brown for Bueno, Jones for Gimeno.

THE OLD STAGER

Joan Heal as Chi-Chi is acclaimed Miss Ile de Tourterelles 1960

ENTERTAINMENT

JOIE DE VIVRE

at the Queen's Theatre

Terence Rattigan has been a name to conjure with on the London stage for years. The knowledge that this musical comedy has been adapted by him from *French Without Tears* is enough to make many people wish to see it. Devotees of the original play, gained from its first run of a thousand performances before the war, and the revival in 1949, will be intrigued by the appearance in the musical version of Chi-Chi. She has been translated from the off-stage cocotte of *French Without Tears* into the charming person of Joan Heal. While there has been a lot of rearrangements, enough remains of the original dialogue to make this a musical of much comedy. It is directed by William Chappell, with decor by Peter Rice, and numbers in its cast, among others, Barrie Ingham, Donald Sinden, Terence Alexander, Joanna Rigby, and Jill Martin.

Much theatrical history has been made since November 6, 1936, when, at the Criterion, *French Without Tears* started on its long run and made Terence Rattigan's fame. In the cast were Trevor Howard, Rex Harrison, Roland Culver, Kay Hammond, Robert Flemyng, and Jessica Tandy. Its story of the inability of the English to learn French, and of young men to escape from the clutches of charming women, seems to-day to have captured with perfect timing and humour the spirit of the pre-war years. Even though 1936 was a vintage theatrical year, with Noël Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in *Tonight at 8.30*, Ivor Novello in *Careless Rapture*, and Robert Morley as Oscar Wilde, *French Without Tears* was an outstanding hit. During that same year Drury Lane housed a musical called *Rise and Shine*. It had music by Robert Stolz and, by coincidence, *Joie de Vivre* also has music by the same composer.

The chorus dance the "Scottish Can-Can"

Joan Heal with members of the chorus

Barrie Ingham (Alan), Joanna Rigby (Diana), Brook Williams (Kenneth)

Joan Heal sings about "Le West End." Watching her is Harold Kasket as Professor Maingot, in his highland costume

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

NEW ZEALAND

The population-attracting North Island of New Zealand, especially in the area of the largest city, Auckland, takes much of the limelight when the country's development is being considered. But it is difficult for even the booming North to match, on a comparative basis, the recent achievements of the much more sparsely settled province of Southland. Its name gives the key to its geographical position; it covers the extreme southerly end of the South Island, and its inhabitants thus live nearer to the Antarctic than other New Zealanders. The area contains Invercargill, the world's most southerly city, and Bluff, the world's most southerly port of any size.

This province of only some 90,000 inhabitants has suffered undue exaggeration of its climatic cold from the rest of the country and a reputation for canniness arising from the ancestry of its early settlers. Southland, proud of its descent, remains as traditionally Scottish as possible within its New Zealand framework, but any canniness which might have existed in the past has long since been discarded in favour of policies to assist its progress and development, which in recent years have merited such adjectives as " amazing " from extremely conservative sources, and which, it is considered, will in the next ten years outstrip any other part of New Zealand.

To date Southland has depended on its sheep farms for its prosperity. In the last ten years the lamb population in the area has increased from 1,834,000 to 2,785,000 and the number of breeding ewes from 1,193,000 to 1,879,000—all these spread over a total of only some 4,000 farms. Logically the main development projects it has recently seen completed, all within the span of little more than a year, have been closely connected with the sheep industry. They are a farmer-owned fertiliser works, with a capital cost of £1,750,000; a £4,000,000 freezing works, the first to be opened in New Zealand for over thirty years, and harbour extensions, the first £3,000,000 stage of which was completed at the end of June.

Better harbour facilities were necessary for Southland to provide the outlet needed for its rapidly-expanding sheep industry, exports from which will, it is estimated, have doubled by 1985. The project, so bold in its conception that it attracted world-wide attention, of creating an 84-acre man-made island inside the existing harbour to provide additional berthage, was begun forty-four months ago. The end of June marked the last pour of concrete in a work which involved the dredging of 2,625,000 cub. yards of material, the driving of about 10,000 tons of sheet piling, the pouring of about 25,000 cub. yards of concrete and the carting of 250,000 tons of quarried rock. The new harbour will operate actively when the first cargo sheds are completed in November.

For these schemes, as well as for lesser ones such as establishing a cement works and extending the public hospital, most of the money came from within Southland itself. Southland farmers have invested in them £3,430,000, or £857 a farm. Anything that has yet been accomplished in Southland will be dwarfed if it is decided to establish there the £125,000,000 aluminium industry, using Australian bauxite, and producing 250,000 tons of aluminium worth £60,000,000 a year. This is now being investigated. It has been said that Southland is probably the only place in the world where both cheap hydro-electric and cheap coal are readily available for the production of aluminium from bauxite.

Whatever the outcome of this, Southland is striding steadily along the path of progress, and a visitor does not have to be long in its city of Invercargill for this to be impressed on him. This finely laid-out city, of wide streets, parks and gardens, with plenty of flat land available, has one car registered for every 2·4 inhabitants—the highest proportion in New Zealand. Now city services are being improved, land is being provided to attract industry, airport runway extensions are being advocated and more facilities are being provided for culture, recreation and sport. A multi-storey tourist hotel has been planned, for Southland has its scenic assets, too, with its lakes and fjords providing one of New Zealand's unique attractions.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Union Government has informed the Prime Minister of the Congo of its keen desire that the fruitful co-operation of the past between the two countries should continue in the future. In the meantime, however, in deference to the wishes of the Congo Government, South Africa's Consular representatives were recalled on July 7. For some time previously the Union had been endeavouring to ensure that good relations would continue after independence. Thus, early in June, the South African Ambassador in Brussels was instructed to ask the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs whether he would, at the appropriate time, intimate to the Congolese leaders that South Africa wished its Consular representation to be maintained. However, the feelings of the Congo Parliament were different: later in June it called for the withdrawal of the Union's representatives and also expressed disapproval of the invitation to the Union to the independence celebrations. Pretoria had already accepted the invitation and designated a cabinet minister to attend, but in the new circumstances it was decided to send only a message of goodwill and congratulation.

Then, on July 6, the Congo Prime Minister's views on continued South African representation became known. He stated that he could not ignore the wishes of his Parliament and that, while he recognised the principle of developing commercial and diplomatic relations, he would not be able to agree to the Union's representatives remaining. The representatives were thereupon recalled; but the Consul-General was instructed to express to Mr. Lumumba the hope that when a calmer atmosphere prevailed it would be possible to reopen the missions and continue the fruitful co-operation of the past. The statement by the South African Minister of External Affairs announcing the recall said that the Consul-General had further been instructed " to reiterate to Prime Minister Lumumba the Union Government's desire to maintain friendly relations and to co-operate with the Congo Government in all matters of common concern, but to state that it would appear to be in the interests of both the Congo and the Union to avoid any further possible estrangement and incidents by recalling both the Consul-General at Leopoldville and the Consul at Elisabethville."

One of the most effective instruments of co-operation in the past has been the C.S.A. (the Scientific Council for Africa) and the C.C.T.A. (the Commission for Technical Co-operation in Africa South of the Sahara); and it was only two years ago that a new building to house the joint secretariat of these two organisations was opened at Bukavu in the Congo. On that occasion Dr. P. J. du Toit, the South African chairman of C.S.A., said the value of the Council could best be appreciated if conditions then existing in Africa were compared with those of ten years before. At that time the scientists in each territory had represented an independent and isolated group and had often been quite ignorant of what was being done in the same field by their neighbours. " To-day," said Dr. du Toit in 1958, " such a state of affairs is almost unthinkable."

INDIA

The most exciting news from India in the last week is the issuing of the draft of the Third Five-Year Plan. By common agreement, this is an ambitious document. The eminent bankers—Sir Oliver Franks, Dr. Hermann Abs and Mr. Allen Sproule—had advised the Government of India against making not-to-easy-too-fulfil commitments to the nation. The Planning Commission thought otherwise. A major effort, in their opinion, is needed to break the vicious circle of poverty and industrial backwardness.

The Plan is a big-size effort to raise the industrial and agricultural productions and thus make the country self-sufficient in these vital fields. A total investment of £7,650,000,000—£4,650,000,000 in the public sector and £3,000,000,000 in the private sector—is envisaged. Some of the major objectives of the Plan are: rise of national income by over 5 per cent. per annum; production of 100 to 105,000,000 tons of food grains; production of 10,000,000 tons of steel ingots; increase in the total generating capacity of power from 5,800,000 kW to 11,800,000 kW; creation of additional employment for 13,500,000 people; extension of Community Project and the Co-operative movement to cover all the rural population in the country; free and compulsory education for all children in the 6—11 age group; and provision of essential minimum social amenities in all rural areas.

The Outline is a summary of the objectives which the Planning Commission has recommended. It takes into consideration the present needs of the national economy, the progress realised since independence and the perspective of development during the next 15 years or so. It is intended to serve as a basis for consideration by Parliament and the State Legislatures and all sections of public opinion. Also, it embodies the priorities and targets to be achieved in the various fields of development. Therefore, all estimates are necessarily tentative and will have to be reviewed shortly in the light of further discussions and comments.

Over the past decade, through two Five-Year Plans, India has endeavoured to harness her industrial resources and the energies of her people to tasks of national development. From the beginning it has been stressed that the objective of planned development was not only to increase production and attain higher levels of living, but also to secure a social and economic order based on values of freedom and democracy in which justice—social, economic and political—shall inform all institutions of national life. The first two Plans, which were formulated with these objectives in view, marked the initial phase in this endeavour.

One of the principal objectives of the Third Plan is to secure a marked advance towards self-sustaining growth. Basically, self-sustaining growth implies that savings and investments in the economy rise sufficiently to secure a high rate of growth of income on a continuing basis. An important aspect of this problem, however, is that of creating within the country the capacity to produce capital goods and equipment necessary

WEALTH

New Zealand's Southland; South Africa and Congo; India's New Plan; Ghana's Republican Status

to support the scale of investment proposed in the Plan. This consideration has been kept in mind. A self-sustaining growth can only be achieved by balanced development, both in agriculture and industry. Incomes and employment cannot rise sufficiently without industrialisation. On the other hand, industrial revolution cannot be achieved without radical improvement in agriculture productivity. The Third Plan calls for an effort, both to enlarge the capital base and to raise output of food and raw materials. In a country in which there is under-utilisation of manpower, expansion of employment opportunities becomes an important objective in itself. A considerable emphasis is, therefore, given in the Plan to increasing employment opportunities.

Another important objective of the Plan is to devise means for reducing inequalities in income and wealth, the aim being to bring about a socialist pattern of society in which all citizens would have the fullest opportunity for a rich and diverse life and for development of their full potentialities. The private sector has to play as important a part, if not more, as the public sector in the achievment of this objective. It is the essence of the planned approach to harmonise these two sectors.

The Planning Commission has taken into account the threat of population growth. According to the latest estimates, the population in 1966 will be 480,000,000 instead of 434,000,000 as assumed in the Second Plan report. Measures to stabilise population have been recommended. Accelerated growth of population also emphasises the urgency for formulating ambitious all-out plans for economic development.

(*A further report on India's new Plan will appear next week.*)

GHANA

With the celebrations over and the new Constitution a few weeks old, Ghana can pause and take stock of her changed Republican status in the Commonwealth. The mass of goodwill messages which flowed into the State House in Accra from all quarters of the earth were evidence enough that the changeover was completed in as friendly an atmosphere —internationally speaking—as anyone could hope for. On the home front as well, Ghana was one and united in her rejoicing. Mr. S. D. Dombo, the Opposition leader, described the new Republican era as " breathing life into the dry bones of independence."

With typical zest, the Government introduced a number of measures befitting the new Ghana almost at the moment of the change. One of the most interesting was concerned with the form and procedure of Parliament. When the first Assembly was formed in 1951, it was natural that the pattern of the legislature should be based on the British example. Visiting Members of Parliament from Westminster found themselves in familiar surroundings in Accra. Mr. Speaker, Question Time, the Mace, the Bar, the Order Papers: the pattern of the Commons was followed almost precisely. With the end of allegiance to the Crown, the need for modifications became apparent. The result has been a thorough overhaul which, while leaving the basic privileges and procedures unchanged, gives Parliament an appropriately African look.

One innovation is likely to be particularly popular with camera-carrying tourists. At the Opening of Parliament, the President's approach will be signified by the beating of traditional drums, and his entry into the Chamber by the blowing of traditional horns. He will be accompanied by linguists (ceremonial office holders in the retinues of Chiefs) from each of the Regions. The Mace itself, formerly with a crown and Royal Cypher, has been redesigned by a distinguished Ghanaian artist, Mr. Kofi Atubam. Mr. Speaker will in future wear the traditional dress of his own country, or a lounge suit. Wigs will not be worn. The Serjeant-at-Arms will in future be known as the Marshal. The " Government Chief Whip " becomes " Parliamentary Secretary."

The seating arrangement in the Chamber, which was based formerly on the Commons pattern (with the two sides just over a sword's distance away) has been reshaped to a horseshoe design. The Speaker will no longer leave the chair at the Committee stage of Bills (the original reason being that the Speaker was a King's man and not to be trusted). As Mr. Kojo Botsio, Minister of Economic Affairs, said before Republic Day: " The historical associations of some of the forms we use, although interesting, really mean nothing to us." The changes make good sense in Ghana's evolving status, particularly in view of the Government's statement that the party system will continue and that " minorities in Parliament will continue to exercise their right to express their views freely."

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

Mrs. Bandaranaike, widow of the former Prime Minister of Ceylon who was assassinated last year, talks with a candidate of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party during a pre-election rally in Colombo. The general election in Ceylon was due to be held last Wednesday (July 20). The two main contestants were the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, led by Mrs. Bandaranaike, and the United National Party, led by Mr. Senanayake, the Prime Minister. If Sri Lanka won, it was anticipated Mrs. Bandaranaike might become Prime Minister

Girl Guides from Trinidad dance a calypso accompanied by their own steel band, during a week's training course at the Guiders' Training Centre, at Foxlease, near Lyndhurst, Hampshire. *Below* are some of the Commonwealth Guides dressed in their national costume at Foxlease. About 100 representatives from all over the Commonwealth are in Britain for the Jubilee celebrations of the movement founded in 1910. In Canada, Australia and South Africa, Girl Guides are also holding Jubilee celebrations this year

SIR WINSTON ON HOLIDAY

Far from a rainswept Britain, Sir Winston Churchill, smoking the inevitable cigar, sits with Mr. Aristotle Onassis on board the latter's yacht *Christina*, moored in Venice. Before leaving the famous resort for a cruise of the eastern Mediterranean on the *Christina*, Sir Winston, wearing a wide-brimmed hat as protection against the sun, and other members of the party went for a sightseeing tour round the canals in a motor launch. He is accompanied on the cruise by Lady Churchill, and also present are Dame Margot Fonteyn and her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias

In the Venetian sunlight—Dame Margot Fonteyn and Lady Churchill

Sir Winston on board the *Christina*

Charles II, by Nollekens

THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S TERCENTENARY

300 Years of The Promotion of Natural Knowledge

by **CHARLES DIMONT**

Isaac Newton, P.R.S., by Roubillac

The Royal Society, which is currently celebrating its tercentenary, can claim a longer continuous existence than any other Academy of Sciences in the world. To mark this occasion scientists from all over the globe, including several from Iron Curtain countries, have been invited to London as the Society's guests.

The object of the Society, as laid down in its Charters, is " the promotion of natural knowledge." Its field of activities is that of the natural sciences and it is recognised as Great Britain's National Academy of Sciences. In fact, it is more than this. As Professor E. N. Da C. Andrade, F.R.S., has written, " it stands for British Science in the widest sense, since its Fellowship comprises men from all parts of the Commonwealth."

Unlike many national academies elsewhere the Society's scope does not include philology, literature, history on philosophy in the modern sense. These are the province of the British Academy, which is on the opposite side of the quadrangle of Burlington House, in Piccadilly, at the Society's Rooms. Another aspect in which it differs from numerous other national academies is that it is not a government institution but an independent body under the patronage of the Sovereign.

The window to mark the tercentenary

The First Charter granted to the Royal Society by Charles II

The Society did not suddenly come into being. In the first half of the seventeenth century, as interest grew in what was often called natural philosophy, men of science formed the habit of meeting for the discussion and exchange of ideas and for the demonstration of experiments. In London these were held in an individual's lodgings or in a tavern. The Civil War interrupted these gatherings, although they were continued sporadically in London and in Oxford. In the last years of the Commonwealth, it seems that the meetings were being held regularly at Gresham College, in the City of London. The youthful Christopher Wren was Professor of Astronomy there and took a leading part in the organisation of lectures and demonstrations for what was rapidly becoming an organised association.

The Restoration brought the scientists their opportunity. In 1660 forty of them decided to form a Society for promoting Physico-Mathematical Experimental Learning. Officers were elected, a weekly subscription of one shilling was agreed and a Journal-book was kept of the proceedings. The Journal for December 5, 1660, records that the Society learnt: " the King had been acquainted with the designe of this Meeting. And he did well approve of it, and would be ready to given encouragement to it."

Whatever his failings as a political ruler, Charles II had a keen intellect and was a great patron of learning and the arts. The diarist John Evelyn, who was one of the Society's members, soon had the king interested in their activities. In 1662 Charles granted the first Charter to the President, Council and Fellows of what was to be henceforth the Royal Society. In the opening sentences of the Charter, which was written in Latin, His Majesty gave his reasons for his patronage:

" We have long and fully resolved with Ourself to extend not only the boundaries of Empire, but also the very arts and sciences . . . with particular grace we encourage philosophical studies, especially those by which actual experiments attempt either to share out a new philosophy or to perfect the old." The King added that he was establishing the Society so that " at length the whole world of letters may always recognise us not only as the Defender of the Faith, but also as the universal lover and patron of every kind of truth."

Two more Charters followed in ensuing years, to clarify the Society's constitution and rights. The Second Charter granted arms with the motto *Nullius in Verba.* The words come from the poet Horace and can be broadly taken to mean that members of the Society do not accept the authority of any particular master in the sciences. The King also presented the Society with its mace. It is of richly gilt silver and is placed in front of the President at every meeting of the Council or of the Society before business can begin.

Charles II was the first Patron and his successors on the throne have continued in that office. Viscount Brouncker was the first President and among the founder members were Christopher Wren, Evelyn, Edmund Waller the poet, and a number of noblemen and clergymen as well as medical doctors and professional " natural philosophers." New Fellows were elected by the existing Fellowship. This system of election has continued throughout the Society's history.

Natural knowledge was soon being promoted in many directions. Books and treatises appeared under the Society's *imprimatur* and its members took an active part in the foundation of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Discussions and demonstrations were held regularly and while there were plenty of enthusiasts for these activities, there was also no lack of those ready to decry the Society. It was accused of " atheism," although Boyle, to name only one member, was among the most devout men of his day. It was ridiculed on the stage and Pepys tells us that even the Patron, Charles II, " mightily laughed at Gresham College, for spending time only in weighing ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat." (This was a demonstration of some of the fundamental laws of the physics of the atmosphere.)

(*Continued on following pages*)

The spacious Council Room of the Royal Society in its premises at Burlington House, in London

Below: A corner of the Lecture Room. One of the functions of the Society is to hold lectures and discussions on the sciences

THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S TERCENTENARY

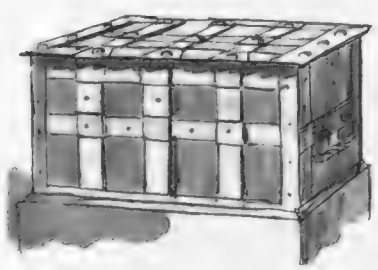
(Continued from previous page)

It is true that until the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were a number of dilettanti as well as serious scientists among the members. But it may have been necessary for economic reasons to interest the wealthy in what the Society was doing and other non-scientists such as Gibbon and Warren Hastings had influence which was useful. However, in the nineteenth century elections were made with more care and only genuine promoters of natural knowledge admitted.

After the Great Fire of 1666, the Society had to move from Gresham College. For some years it met at Arundel House, in the Strand, until in 1710 it was established in Crane Court, Fleet Street. When these premises became too small, the government provided rooms in Somerset House. Finally in 1857, the move was made to the present Rooms in Burlington House.

The Charters of the Society provide that its affairs shall be managed by a Council. To-day the Council numbers twenty-one members representing an appropriate balance of the various sciences. The Officers are: the President, the Treasurer, the Physical Secretary, the Biological Secretary and the Foreign Secretary. The general administrative business is in the hands of the Assistant Secretary, who acts under the direction of the officers.

To assist the Council there are a large number of Committees and Boards. Among them are eight sectional committees representing the several branches of natural knowledge—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering, Geology, Botany, Zoology and Physiology and Medicine. Other committees advise on such matters as the Library, publications, and the use of research funds. The Society is also concerned with many joint committees of its own members and those of other organisations. The Fellows at present are about 600 in number and there are sixty-three Foreign Members. Candidates for



An old chest belonging to the Society

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The Library contains some 150,000 volumes. The collection includes books by Fellows or about Fellows and the publications of the various National Academies of Sciences

Fellowship must be proposed and recommended by not less than six Fellows. Names are considered by the various Sectional Committees which assist the Council in drawing up a list of twenty-five candidates to be recommended to the Society. The ballot takes place annually in March.

Foreign Members—not more than four each year—are nominated for election by the Council. The statutes also allow the election on an average of one per year of an eminent non-scientist, and princes and princesses of the Blood Royal may be elected under a special provision.

It would be impossible in a short space to detail what the Royal Society does today. Discussions, meetings and demonstrations continue to be given in the Lecture Room, in the tradition of the Foundation. The Society, through its funds, can appoint Research Fellows and each year a number of medals are awarded for outstanding scientific achievement. The President or his nominees represent scientific interest on an abundance of institutions and organisations and committees. The Society recognises no national barriers. In 1667 the first Joint-Secretary, Henry Oldenburg, set down that the Society would "entertain a commerce in all parts of the world with the most philosophical and curious persons to be found everywhere." It is in keeping with the outlook of the Society that during the two world wars of this century no "enemy" scientists were expelled from membership.

But this should cause no surprise when one remembers the motto: *Nullius in Verba*. No single person, or group of persons, can ever be absolutely right in the promotion of natural knowledge. It is a universal pursuit.

On right: The room of the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE PITT-RIVERS MUSEUM

It is very very rarely that the right man and the fullest opportunity meet. They did so in the case of General Pitt-Rivers and Cranborne Chase. And they did so by chance. For it was by an astonishing series of chances that General Augustus Henry Lane-Fox inherited the Rushmore estates in the year 1880, in accordance with the will of his great-uncle, the second Lord Rivers, which provided that he should assume the name and arms of Pitt-Rivers. The General was fifty-three when he entered into his inheritance. He had had a distinguished military career—he was D.A.Q.M.G. in the Crimean War and he may be considered the originator of the School of Musketry at Hythe. And this had taught him the value of precise record. Throughout his military career his spare-time hobby had been excavation and the study of primitive material cultures, and while still a soldier he had been admitted to the Royal Society for his anthropological work, a signal honour for a part-time amateur. He was, therefore, particularly well-qualified by his experience in excavation, by his anthropological researches, by his military training (all illuminated by his distinctive and highly original genius), in his own words, to "devote the remaining portion of my life chiefly to an examination of the antiquities on my own property."

The Pitt-Rivers Museum in the Cranborne Chase at Farnham, in Dorset

The most fortunate chance of all was that this property should lie where it did and should cover so huge an area. Had the estate lain almost anywhere else the story must, surely, have been very different. But the Rushmore estates, which extended to some 30,000 acres, lying principally in Dorset but partly in Wiltshire, included Cranborne Chase, an area particularly rich in antiquities. It was said that the General could ride from Rushmore, in Wiltshire, to the sea without leaving his own land. Here was the fullest opportunity; and here was the man with the genius, the time, and unlimited wealth.

Pitt-Rivers would make an ideal subject for biography. He is known, and rightly so, as the father of modern archæology. In archæological history he forms a frontier: pre-Pitt-Rivers and post-Pitt-Rivers mark different eras in archæological research and especially in archæological record, for he was the founder of scientific field work. In this respect he was many years in advance of his time. In others he seems to belong more to the Middle Ages than to the nineteenth century. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he would, surely, have become a legendary figure: there would have been endless stories about him, his name would have become attached to features of the countryside in the same way as King Arthur or Robin Hood. As it is, you cannot think of Cranborne Chase without remembering Pitt-Rivers; just as you cannot think of the Lake District without Wordsworth.

Pitt-Rivers was an extraordinary character; a true eccentric. There was not, of course, a trace of eccentricity about his archæological work. Here he was the complete professional. He realised that he could not always be on the site he was excavating, and so he organised and trained a staff of assistants. He had this to say of his assistants: "Living in my house they must necessarily be men of good character as well as energy. Those who have left me have generally obtained more lucrative employments. . . . As a rule I have been well served by my clerks." You get a glimpse of the man there. And when he went to the site of an excavation he drove in a high dogcart, accompanied by his clerks riding penny-farthing bicycles, each wearing a straw hat around the brim of which was displayed the General's colours. On Sundays his brass band played in his "Larmer Tree Grounds," and his tenants were obliged to come to listen to it. In fact, he exercised a benevolent tyranny over his assistants and tenants.

But, if he had something of the outlook of a feudal lord, he was at the same time a most kindly and generous man. He spared no expense to make of the Larmer Grounds a most beautiful park, and this was thrown open to the public. So was the Museum, which he founded at Farnham. Both were much appreciated. In those days travel was by horse-drawn charabanc, slow and tedious. Yet, in 1899, over 44,000 people visited the Larmer Grounds and over 12,000 the Museum.

To-day, because travel is easier and quicker, the number of visitors is fewer. Farnham, which is in Dorset and on the southern edge of Cranborne Chase, about a mile off the Salisbury-Blandford road, is not the sort of place where you would expect to find a museum. It is a tiny village, its population cannot be more than about a hundred, and it is tucked away. True, there is a signpost at the Ringwood-Shaftesbury cross-roads, but that can do little to deter the average motorist. So the only wholly rural museum in Britain is not so well known as it should be.

This is a museum devoted to the evolution of culture and the history of civilisation, in which the material culture of modern primitives is compared with that of the early inhabitants of Cranborne Chase. Here are the arts and crafts of the Stone Age, prehistoric pottery and ceramics, and fascinating models of the General's excavations in Cranborne Chase; here also are carvings and sculptures in wood and ivory, the tribal cultures of Africa and the South Sea Islands, a comprehensive agricultural room, and a wonderful collection of Benin bronzes. It is a remarkable place: and you can get a jolly good tea there.

But the most noteworthy thing about the Pitt-Rivers Museum is not the collection, exceptional though that is, but the fact that it is there at all. This is still, as it has always been, a privately-owned museum. The present owner, Mr. George Pitt-Rivers, is the grandson of the founder: it receives no grant of any sort. The entrance fee is half a crown, and you may well think that this is a money-making business on the lines of Woburn Abbey. It is not: and I do not suppose that it ever will be, for the British public is not now noticeably museum-minded. I am told that about 7,000 people visited the museum last year; most of these were archæological students, school parties, and so on; and not all of these will have been charged the full price. I do not, of course, know anything about the finances of the museum, but it is evident from just a casual glance that even at the full price 7,000 visitors would not meet the expenses. There is a resident curator, and the place is most beautifully kept with obviously a minimum of staff. Even so, the loss financially speaking must be very considerable every year.

In these days of the Welfare State, when everyone helps himself as freely as possible from the public kitty, it is refreshing—and salutary—to find, at the end of a Dorset lane, family tradition so firmly upheld.

A 16th-century Benin bronze cast head

A portrait bust of Niccolo da Uzzano, the Advocate, by Donatello

Harrow, the victors, take the field on the first day, after scoring 216

At the beginning of the match at Lord's, the Eton team leaves the pavilion

I. H. Angus, the Harrow wicket-keeper, dives in an attempt to catch P. Wigan

H. T. Pelham (Harrow) watches the ball through the slips before running

A study in concentration is provided by M. H. Dixon (Eton) as he cuts for three runs

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

ETON v. HARROW

Since the last war, the majority of the annual matches between Eton and Harrow at Lord's, including the last four, have been drawn. This year Harrow gained a decisive victory, winning by 124 runs. On July 1, Harrow opened the batting, having won the toss, and promptly lost their first two wickets for 28. But A. A. Denison-Smith and H. T. Pelham (29) put on 54 for the third wicket. Denison-Smith went on to score 39 before he fell to A. G. Ward, who had figures of four for 66 in this innings. B. S. Raper, the Harrow captain, G. M. Reid and I. H. Angus all scored, but R. D. Christie, the Eton captain, who took three for 29 in fifteen overs, did not make things easy for them. Harrow were all out for 216. Then, before tea, in less than an hour, Eton lost two wickets for 52. Overnight they were 106 for five. The next morning, their last five wickets fell for 47 in three-quarters of an hour. Bowling for Harrow C. N. B. Rome took two wickets for 2 (and four for 26 in the second innings).

Harrow, batting again with a lead of 63, were in difficulties with the bowling, but Raper (30) and P. A. McN. Boyd (28) helped towards a total of 143. Ward and Christie again did the damage for Eton, taking three for 46, and two for 15, respectively. Any hopes Eton might have had of winning, by scoring the necessary 207 runs, were soon dispelled. Only three batsmen reached double figures and, towards the end, Eton had their backs to the wall. Harrow dismissed them for 82 with time to spare.

After making 10 runs in the second innings, Harrow's A. A. Denison-Smith has his wicket shattered by M. J. de Gray, who bowled well for Eton

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

It is interesting to see the development of the International 505 Class which has gone a long way since its nearest rival, the Flying Dutchman, was adopted by the International Yacht Racing Union as the two-man centreboard boat first for inland waters only, and later, after the trials at La Baule, for general use. Not even the selection of the F.D. for the Naples Olympics by the organisers as the two-man centreboard class has arrested the rise of the 505.

I well remember the first, and possibly the last, dinghy race round the Isle of Wight in 1953, in which a new 18-footer, *Coronet*, designed by John Westell for Max Johnson, did remarkably well. She was taken to the La Baule trials later, and in spite of her superior performance was not chosen by the I.Y.R.U. Instead, she attracted the attention of the leaders of the French Caneton (a hard chine racing dinghy) Association, who suggested to John Westell that, with certain modifications, they would like to adopt *Coronet* as a replacement for the Caneton. Retaining her essential features and other dimensions, Westell shortened the hull to a length of 5·05 metres, and the new class was assured of success from the start. She was received with great enthusiasm by the French sponsors. This was matched in Britain when the plans were published, and international status was obtained in 1955.

Ralph Wadham, one of the hardest-working hon. class secretaries I know, tells me that now there are over 1,100 boats in the class. Of these about 200 race in Great Britain and Ireland. He attributes the greater popularity of the 505 to its relative cheapness compared to the Flying Dutchman, the other highly-developed racing machine for the advanced dinghy helmsman. A well-built 505, fully equipped and with sails, costs about £325, while a F.D. of equal quality would run away with more than £500. With its more than 3 ft. greater length the Flying Dutchman does not tack quite as quickly, and is more likely to suffer from distortion of the hull shape.

Over fifty boats are expected to race in the National Championship which starts on Monday at Brixham. Johnson Wooderson (Medway Y.C.), who won the title last year at Hayling Island, is going to face a strong challenge by Michael Delmar-Morgan (Weston S.C.). I am told he is exceptionally fast in his new boat. The half-dozen British entries for the World Championship, to be held at La Baule in August, will include these two helmsmen and two other stalwarts from the Medway, Roger Field and Claude Holmes. Entries for this event had to be restricted for the French, who will only allow their best helmsmen to take part.

I had the good fortune to meet two most stimulating Australian yachtsmen, Frank and John Livingstone, a few days ago during their flying visit to this country. Having witnessed the last match for the America's Cup they are seriously considering making a challenge on Australia's behalf themselves. They seem to be extremely well qualified to do this. With a long and rich experience in business as well as in yachting, they have the necessary wealth allied with a native shrewdness and careful judgment. Their view is that it is no use hazarding such a highly risky enterprise unless one has at least a fifty-fifty chance of success. The first requirement, said John Livingstone, is to have all the facts. And roaming the world, the brothers are engaged in finding as many as they can.

Johnson Wooderson in *Yoicks* (foreground), and Roger Field in *Dyany*, planing at Upnor, near Rochester

International 505's "set in a silver sea" during the first African championships at Mombasa

Mrs. Joyce Braddon and Mrs. Ivor

Mr. A. R. Wylie, Dr. R. G. MacGregor, Mr. W. Davidson

Mr. H. F. Randall and Mr. S. J. Weedon, both ex-captains of the club

Putting on the 17th green. Among the trees is the clubhouse

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

BEACONSFIELD

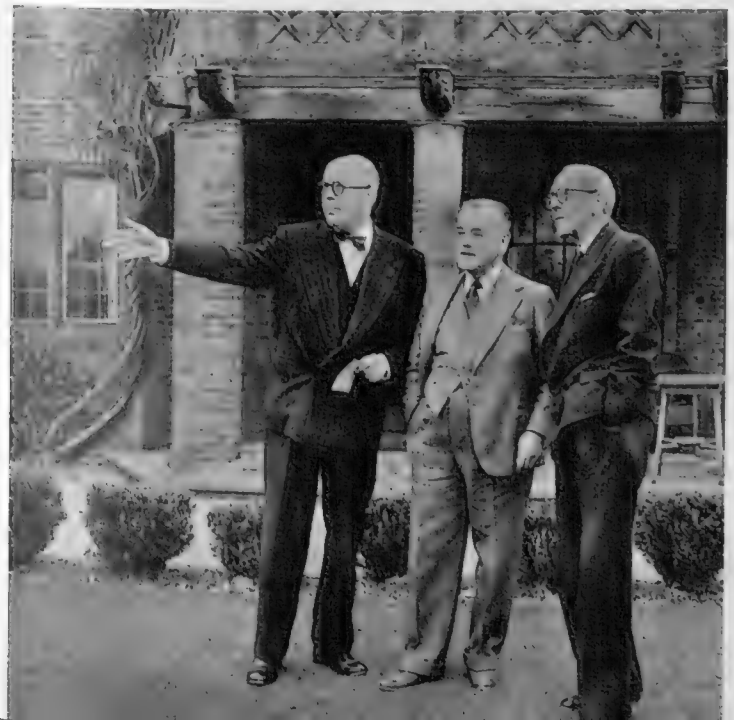
Alec Crombie, the professional, and Mr. M. W. B. Sanderson

The club is situated amid parkland and beechwoods in Buckinghamshire. It can be easily reached by train from Marylebone since the railway station, Seer Green Halt, is actually at the clubhouse. By road it is 21 miles from Marble Arch. Beaconsfield can rightly be called one of the prettiest courses near London. It was established in 1914 in succession to the old Wilton Park Club and the holes were laid out to the design of Mr. H. S. Colt. Although the trees are plentiful, they have been kept out of the way of all but the most injudicious of strokes. The course can be divided into two parts, an inner and an outer. After the fifth hole, it is necessary to cross the railway line, and the player does not recross it until the 13th.

According to Bernard Darwin, it is possible to distinguish between the parts: the inner holes provide sounder golf on ground flatter than on the other side of the line. There, hills and valleys provide exciting golf. At Beaconsfield, the first tee is a short stroke from the station. The hole provides a testing start: 447 yards long, it has trees on the right-hand side of the fairway waiting for a slice and the green has a dip in front of it. Other interesting holes on the course include the 13th, which skirts the railway line, the 14th, the longest hole of the course, 532 yards, and the 15th. This is 261 yards long, downhill, with a narrow, serpentine green, closely guarded by bunkers, and is bogey 4. The total length of the course is 6,328 yards long and the standard scratch score is 73.

Next in this series will be Worplesdon Golf Club, in our issue of July 30.

Mr. D. K. Gordon, the captain; Mr. E. Whitly-Jones, the president; and Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Dean, the secretary



Mrs. C. V. Raffety, the lady secretary; Mrs. D. Gordon; Mrs. E. Whitly-Jones; and Mrs. H. S. Dean

TRAVEL

THE MOROCCAN COAST

By GORDON COOPER

For most people Morocco is often regarded as an inland country, with its only ports being Tangier and Casablanca. In fact, it has 900 miles of coastline, stretching from Melilla in the Mediterranean and close to the Algerian frontier to Agadir on the Atlantic coast, in the south. Between these two extremities there are a number of resorts where pleasant holidays can be spent. A feature of most of these places is their fine sandy bathing beaches.

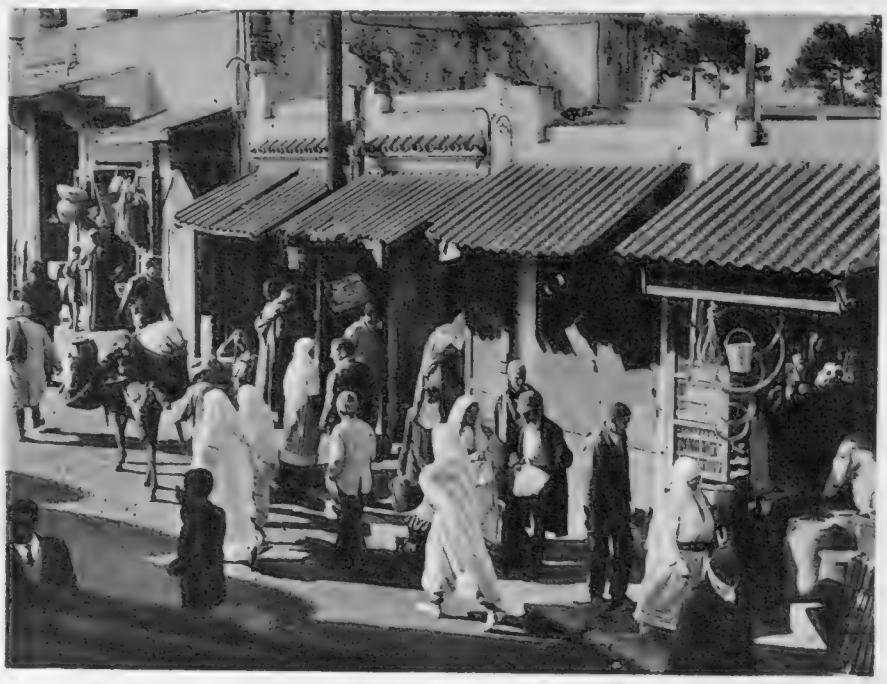
Melilla is not of special appeal, but it might be the start of a coastal journey. This could be accomplished by local buses, if desired, and there are quite good services between the various centres. The scenery soon after leaving Melilla is very impressive, the road climbing to a considerable height and passing through the wildest mountain country. About half-way between Melilla and Tangier is Ketama, a picturesque little village (not on the coast, however), where there is a simple hotel. It looks out over the "Yellow Plain," a large meadow carpeted in spring with buttercups; there are delightful walks in the area, including some in the old cedar forests.

Some distance beyond Ketama you arrive at Xauen, a fascinating little town in a perfect setting and offering good hotel accommodation in its parador. Surrounded by orchards, this former feudal citadel, with its constant sound of running waters, offers an idyllic escapist spot; and you wake each morning to the call of the Faithful to prayer—an invocation repeated from the minarets of the dozen or so mosques.

Tetuan, through which you pass on the road to Tangier, is famous for its native crafts. Good bargains are obtainable in the local *souks* (markets); but it is not a place for a holiday. Tangier, of course, is excellent for this purpose, and apart from the liveliness of the town itself, there is a splendid beach and opportunities for various good excursions, including one to Gibraltar (the cheapest place in Europe for duty-free goods).

Continuing, Arcila, with its old Portuguese fortifications, is interesting; and a detour could be made to visit the Stone Circle of Mzora, the most important megalithic monuments in Morocco. Then, just before coming to Larache, the next coastal town, there are the remains of the Roman city of Lixus, which was destroyed by the Vandals about A.D. 500. Larache is not specially recommended for a holiday. Not far distant on the road south is the important market town of El Ksar el Kebir.

It is when you arrive at Rabat that you come to the most fascinating and typical part of Morocco. This great modern city, a monument to the French occupation, adjoins a most interesting Kasbah (native quarter), with its busy life and many attractive corners.



The colourful market in Tangier

Especially appealing is a famous garden which adjoins the massive Tower of Hassan. It offers Oriental enchantment, and reproduces all the essential features of Moorish gardens in Andalusia.

It is a ninety-minute journey by bus from Rabat to Casablanca, a monstrous city, a place from which I would willingly escape. But not far away is the pleasant seaside resort of Mohammedia (formerly Fedala), where there is a splendid beach and golf course—the latter is included in the tariff of the recommended Hotel Miramare; this is a popular place with British visitors.

Jadida (formerly Mazagan), the next town southwards, is of great interest and also offers a fine bathing beach. It is an old fortress town with exciting battlements. From these walls it is easy to bring up in the imagination a picture of the past when its little port harboured the Portuguese galleons, with their great sails starred with the Order of Christ; their freight of fidalgos and friars and men-at-arms. Here, too, is a huge underground cistern used as a storehouse for the water supply. The Marhaba Hotel lies beside the long stretch of sandy beach.

I would not recommend Safi, which is the next port down the coast, for it has been commercialised, nor has it a good beach. But it is worth a short stop if you are passing through, for it has a long history and still possesses remains of the Portuguese occupation during the early part of the sixteenth century. There are still some old forts, a Portuguese chapel, and the Chateau de Mer, a unique specimen of the Emmanueline art in Morocco. The local pottery, too, is of interest, for it has a brilliant colouring and a special metallic sheen. It is renowned all over Morocco.

In contrast to Safi, Essaouira (formerly Mogador) is a gem of a town and it is the place I would choose for a holiday on this coast, especially now that Agadir no longer exists as a resort. Mogador is small, narrow, and juts into the sea like the bows of a ship. On a restricted space the white houses rise tier upon tier, and there is only room for a tiny patio. Surrounded by high walls, against whose feet the sea dashes vigorously when there are gales, the town retains its three sections: for the Jews, the Moors, and the Europeans. There are several pleasant gardens, shaded by palms and mimosas; the climate is wonderful, being fresh in summer, mild in winter; there are miles of beaches; and the Hotel des Iles can be recommended. Altogether this white town rising out of the sea well justifies the name of *Suirah* (The Picture) given it by the Moors.

Cook's and Back's Travel Service (56, Coram Street, W.C.1) are travel agents who specialise in Moroccan travel, and could help you plan a round tour, which could, of course, include visits to the great imperial cities of Marrakesh, Fez and Meknes.

NEW PULLMAN SERVICES AND OTHER TRAVEL INFORMATION

The new Midland Pullman services between Manchester and London and London and Leicester started on July 4. On five days a week this brand-new Pullman train leaves Manchester Central at 8.50 a.m. and arrives at St. Pancras at 12.03 p.m. In the reverse direction the journey will take three hours eleven minutes, starting at St. Pancras at 6.10 p.m. and arriving at Manchester Central at 9.21 p.m. The London to Leicester service is timed to leave St. Pancras at 12.45 p.m., arriving at Leicester at 2.10 p.m., beginning the return journey at 2.33 p.m. and reaching London once again at 4 p.m. All seats will be reserved and the supplement will be £1 to Manchester and 10s. to Leicester in addition to the usual first-class fares. Soon similar Pullman diesel train services will be introduced on the London–Bristol and London–Birmingham routes, but unlike the Midland trains, these western services will carry second-class passengers as well as first.

A new helicopter service has just been opened between Lugano and Milan. The single fare costs just under £3.

There will be no Sunday flights to Aberdeen, Orkney and Shetland from Edinburgh and Glasgow this summer. Services have been withdrawn.

From the middle of July, Swissair are introducing Caravelle jets on their Middle East services. Flying times will be greatly reduced as a result.

Once again B.O.A.C. will introduce excursion fares between October 1 and March 31 for flights to U.S.A., Canada and South Africa by Comets, 707 jet liners and Britannias. A seventeen-day economy excursion fare from London to Montreal, for an example, only costs £106 16s. return.

Now that Salzburg Airport has been modernised Viscounts have replaced Dakotas on the popular B.E.A. service from London, thus doubling the number of passengers which can be carried.

Some German trains have new names. The night train Holland–Basle is called the Hoek–Basel Express; the Amsterdam–Vienna the Holland–Wien Express; the Nurnberg–Linz the *Meistersinger*; the Hamburg–Friedrichshaven the Kattegat Express; the Scandinavia–Italy the Italia Express; and the Copenhagen–Basle the Schweiz Express.

The s.s. *Hanseatic*, 30,029 tons, leaves Southampton on December 29 on a winter cruise, calling at Lisbon, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Madeira, and returns to Southampton on January 10, 1961. Double cabins will cost from £82 10s. per head and single cabins from £116 10s.

Did you know there are regular sailings of comfortable passenger liners between Manchester and Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville? Manchester Liners also sail between Glasgow and Miami as well as from Manchester to Halifax, St. John, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

W.D.C.C.

The new Union-Castle liner *Windsor Castle* is seen during her trials off the Isle of Arran, in the Clyde. The 38,000-ton ship, which is one of the largest passenger liners ever built in Britain, is due to start her maiden voyage from Southampton to Cape Town on August 18. The *Windsor Castle* will be commanded by Captain George Mayhew, Commodore of the Union-Castle fleet

LOOKING AT NEW LINERS

Above: The funnel of *Oriana*, the new flagship of the P. & O.-Orient Lines, is lowered into position as work on the 40,000-ton liner reaches its final stages. *Oriana* is scheduled to begin her maiden voyage, which will take her almost around the world, on December 3 from Southampton

Right: Dressed overall, the Italia Line's new flagship, *Leonardo da Vinci*, sails into New York on July 9 at the end of her maiden trip from Genoa. She displaces 33,000 tons. *Leonardo da Vinci* left the Italian port on June 30 and arrived in New York on schedule. She was given the traditional greeting

BOOKS

WRITERS ON WRITERS

Essays by Charles Morgan, Peter Quennell, F. L. Lucas and W. A. Darlington; Stories by Elephant Bill; and Recent Fiction

I used to know a publisher who declared that the chief of his occupational hazards was what he called the literary attitude to life. According to him, nothing could be further from life's realities, and he was apt to denounce its practitioners as a dishonest lot, mainly engaged in biting the hand that fed them. It is interesting to recall this prejudiced and possibly untrue point of view in the light of my first two books under review. Charles Morgan, whose posthumous collection of essays, THE WRITER AND HIS WORLD (Macmillan. 21s.), has just been published, was essentially a dedicated writer in his own terms. The first of the pieces in this book, *The Artist in the Community*, leads him to the passionate conclusion that we all owe the writer an existence although the artist himself may take leave to doubt whether we are necessary to him. Another piece discusses *The Independence of Writers*. " He will march to no man's drum. He cannot enlist without betrayal, for, if he is an artist at all, he was enlisted long ago under another captain, not of this world." Charles Morgan has but lately been with us and on the score of reputation it yet remains to be seen whether this touch of *hubris* will be rewarded.

Mr. Peter Quennell's THE SIGN OF THE FISH (Collins. 21s.) is, we are told, a study of the art of writing, considered from a writer's point of view. Let me say at once that I derived much pleasure from this book, both from the elegance of its writing and from the delicacy of his observations. In so far as it is autobiographical it reveals a sensitive and creative mind, in contrast to the synthetic dilettantism of the writer we have discussed above. Nevertheless the ivory tower, that endemic resting-place, is omnipresent and Mr. Quennell negotiates a book-length study of his subject at the same time ignoring some of the greatest literary reputations made by his generation and lavishing praise upon those of his contemporaries who practise their art to the exclusion of overwhelming human suffering going on around them. " While Europe and Asia smoked or blazed, Palinurus continued to execute his clear, nostalgic flute solo." Connolly, Dylan Thomas, Robert Graves, the Sitwells, are the heroes; Orwell does not even appear in the index and Maugham might never have lived. Mr. Quennell is felicitously amusing when, slightly off the writing beam, he contributes some delicious vignettes on what he calls camp followers. Lady Cunard, Lady Thaxted (easily recognisable) and Sir Edward Marsh shine from his pages as brilliantly as they did in their own circles.

DOYENS OF THE DETECTIVE STORY, Agatha Christie and Ngaio Marsh talk together at the recent 30th anniversary party of the Crime Club. Ngaio Marsh's 21st book, *False Scent*, was published last month

The essays in THE GREATEST PROBLEM (Cassell. 30s.) are the work of Mr. F. L. Lucas, one of whose distinctions is to be a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The present book includes in its nine essays a surprising variety of subjects; surprising, at least, after the exclusively literary content of the last two books. Mr. Lucas has written about the tragedy of Tolstoy, contained as much in his stormy marriage as in his later conversion and has, in conclusion, given us a very personal summing-up, that " work and affection; courage and, if possible, a gaily ironic resignation—these, for some temperaments . . . may be safer guides than the faith and hope of the Apostle, that through the centuries have so often and disastrously deceived." He has written, too, about Berlin in 1948, at the time of the air lift, in a brief piece which contains the opinion that Communism has replaced a regime in which the rich were powerful by one in which the powerful are rich. He has given us a fine and perceptive piece on the poet, A. E. Housman, and another charming one on the literature of Greek travel, but it is the essay *Of Books* which is the richest and the most rewarding in its scope as in its humour.

The *genus* war correspondent proliferated during six not too remote years and some of them whose despatches were of the " I-entered-Rome-last-night " type were apt to become dead bores. Some of them, however—and one records it gratefully—continued to write as essayists, foreign correspondents, travellers or commentators on world affairs, among them such eminent figures as Mr. Alan Moorehead who has surely gone from strength to literary strength since 1945. Mr. Robert St. John one remembers from the war years as an extremely lively newspaperman working for an American agency and, more lately, as the successful biographer of Ben-Gurion. His new book, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (Hutchinson. 25s.), has all the impact of a fictional adventure story and is, in fact, an account of his sojourn in Budapest and Bucharest at the beginning of the war, his escape to Greece through Yugoslavia, his wounding and his eventual arrival in New York where he took off his coat and shirt, sat down in a bare hotel room and continued to write about the war as he had seen it then. This new book is evidence that the war is still a subject which preoccupies him and about which, in spite of the distance in time, he is still able to write with immediacy and considerable impact.

Goronwy Rees, perhaps one of the most sensitive writers of our day and certainly among the most readable, has written a series of essays in autobiography which are altogether delightful. A BUNDLE OF SENSATIONS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is the apt title he has chosen, and it helps to explain his attitude that "at no time in my life have I had that enviable sensation of constituting a continuous personality." Mr. Rees chooses to believe that his character varies with, and takes the colour of, the circumstance in which it finds itself. So we see him at the start of the war, an unkempt gunner dedicated to the tasks of the cookhouse and the latrines, deftly guided by the punch-drunk Whitey, who makes sure that they both keep out of the way of the " orficers." The scene changes and Mr. Rees is the debonair staff officer serving none other than Montgomery himself, like his master a very dynamo of action and alertness, and a keen admirer of the Cromwellian-type general.

Finally, as the great tide of victory swelled across Europe, amateur soldier Rees found himself striding and riding through the sad little resort towns of Westphalia, an officer in the Control Commission for Germany charged with the task of restoring civilian order and mitigating the most dire effects of defeat. Travelling those endless monotonous miles of ruin and destruction in the nearby Ruhr Valley Mr. Rees brings home the sour taste of victory, and re-creates the atmosphere of those first post-war months in Germany with skill and feeling.

PICTURES OF WAR

Sensitive Essays in Autobiography

Jon and David Kimche have, in BOTH SIDES OF THE HILL (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), made a gallant attempt to do the impossible, to write contemporary history. Their book is a most painstakingly compiled account of the Jewish-Arab war of 1948, as a result of which the Israeli State emerged and Britain forfeited long-held dominion in the Middle East. Serving generals, ministers, civil servants and diplomats have all made contributions to the authors' store of knowledge, and not least the Prime Minister of Israel, Ben-Gurion, who gave the necessary access to Israeli documentation. What is important about this book is the way in which it shows how the forces released by this war are still dominating events. The Kimches thus provide a notable guide to our understanding of these matters; but do not let us be fooled into thinking that this is the last historic word.

The present restoration of bomb-damaged Park Crescent, Regent's Park, reflects the esteem in which the work of John Nash is held to-day. From that address Terence Davis writes the preface to his THE ARCHITECTURE OF JOHN NASH (Studio. 50s.). This book is not only a fine visual record of the best work of this great architect, but Sir John Summerson's scholarly introduction gives us a rounded picture of " that very clever odd amusing man who had a face like a monkey but was civil and good humoured to the greatest degree." The photographs have been admirably chosen, and they take us much farther afield than Regent's Park, to stately homes in Ireland and the West Country and to little cottages in the Home Counties. Here is the very essence of John Nash.

Louis T. Stanley's THE BOOK OF GOLF (Max Parrish. 42s.) is part instruction and part reminiscence, a book in fact for the golfer to browse upon. Essays on tournaments, the laws of the game, and golf courses across the length and breadth of the world go to make up a most varied symposium.

What goes on in the City? What indeed might be the irreverent answer? But for those who have a desire to learn about these things the Industrial Welfare Society's new pamphlet THE CITY AT WORK (I.W.S. 7s. 6d.) can be heartily commended. Harold Wincott writes on the economic scene, Sir Jeremy Raisman on banking, and Sir Nutcombe Hume on industrial new issues. They write with clarity and directness, stressing more than once that they want the individual in industry, the man on the factory floor, truly to understand the City's contribution to the nation's economic health.

R. C. E.

Mr. W. A. Darlington, the eminent dramatic critic, has, he tells us, been pursuing that calling for forty years, a notable example of enthusiasm and endurance, one might say. He reckons that he has attended a respectable number of theatrical openings and, sensibly enough, calls his new book of reminiscences SIX THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS (Harrap. 18s.). During the years since 1919, which Mr. Darlington has devoted to a study of plays and players, he has observed a kind of revolution, bloodless enough, to be sure, but none the less far-reaching. As he sees it, this complete change of circumstances applies not to the play but to the actor who, from being supreme in his own world is now rarely the equal and, more commonly, the subordinate of playwright and producer. As a result the actor must find his own new place in the ordinary world outside the theatre and with his fellow, largely undramatic fellow, human beings. It is a fascinating thesis and the author-critic expounds it with excellent good sense. The main body of his book is, in fact, devoted far more to acting than to plays and he has some highly acute things to say about the changes in style as well as status. Some of his best and most persuasive passages deal with the school of naturalism as it started with Charles Hawtrey and reached its fine flowering with Gerald du Maurier. On Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier he is equally perceptive and his praise, where he gives it, as to Olivier's rendering of the great opening speech in *Richard III*, well worth having. Altogether, a wonderful book of the theatre and one which I shall enjoy having by me in years to come.

The much regretted Elephant Bill, the late Colonel J. H. Williams, left enough stories behind him to form a charming book, IN QUEST OF A MERMAID (Hart-Davis. 18s.), and I have been reading it with that blend of sadness and pleasure which one feels in such cases. The opening story is, like many of them, autobiographical and is concerned with a mermaid carved on a pew end in a church at Zennor, in Cornwall, where he spent his boyhood. From then to manhood and a meeting with a real *dugong* or *manatee*, the probable explanation of all mermaid legends, was a disillusionment, but Colonel Williams, in this fragmentary memory, has made a delightful thing from it. So it is with his memories of turtles in Burma, or his beloved elephants, their histories and loyalties. No one who owns Elephant Bill's earlier books will feel their collection complete without this last one.

Of the two novels in this week's list, one is most definitely and characteristically up to the moment—a study of human beings under pressure, caught up in an imminent disaster in the air; the other a long historical romance of the days of Attila the Hun, the Scourge of God. The first comes from an English, the second from an American, novelist. FINAL APPROACH (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), a good title for a book whose theme is safety in civil aviation, is by Mr. Christopher Hodder-Williams and it has all the suspense value of a well-planned thriller. The author has chosen to write about what might be called, in very wide terms, a flight plan and about a group of human beings whose common denominator, equally loosely, might be degrees of negligence. Mr. Hodder-Williams has produced an almost hair-raising story which I recommend to the stronger-nerved among you.

THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN (Collins. 18s.) is by Mr. Thomas Costain, author of such redoubtable sagas as *The Tontine*, among others, and a master of the closely-textured, powerful and highly-imaginative reconstruction of the more melodramatic events of bygone ages. His new book is far from disappointing although there is possibly less automatic appeal in the period he has chosen than in, say, a tale of Regency England. Mr. Costain's strength, however, lies in the fact that he is a real story-teller.

Vernon Fane

From centre: Lynn Fontanne (Claire Zachanassian), Myles Eason (Pedro), George Rose and Alfred Lunt (Schill)

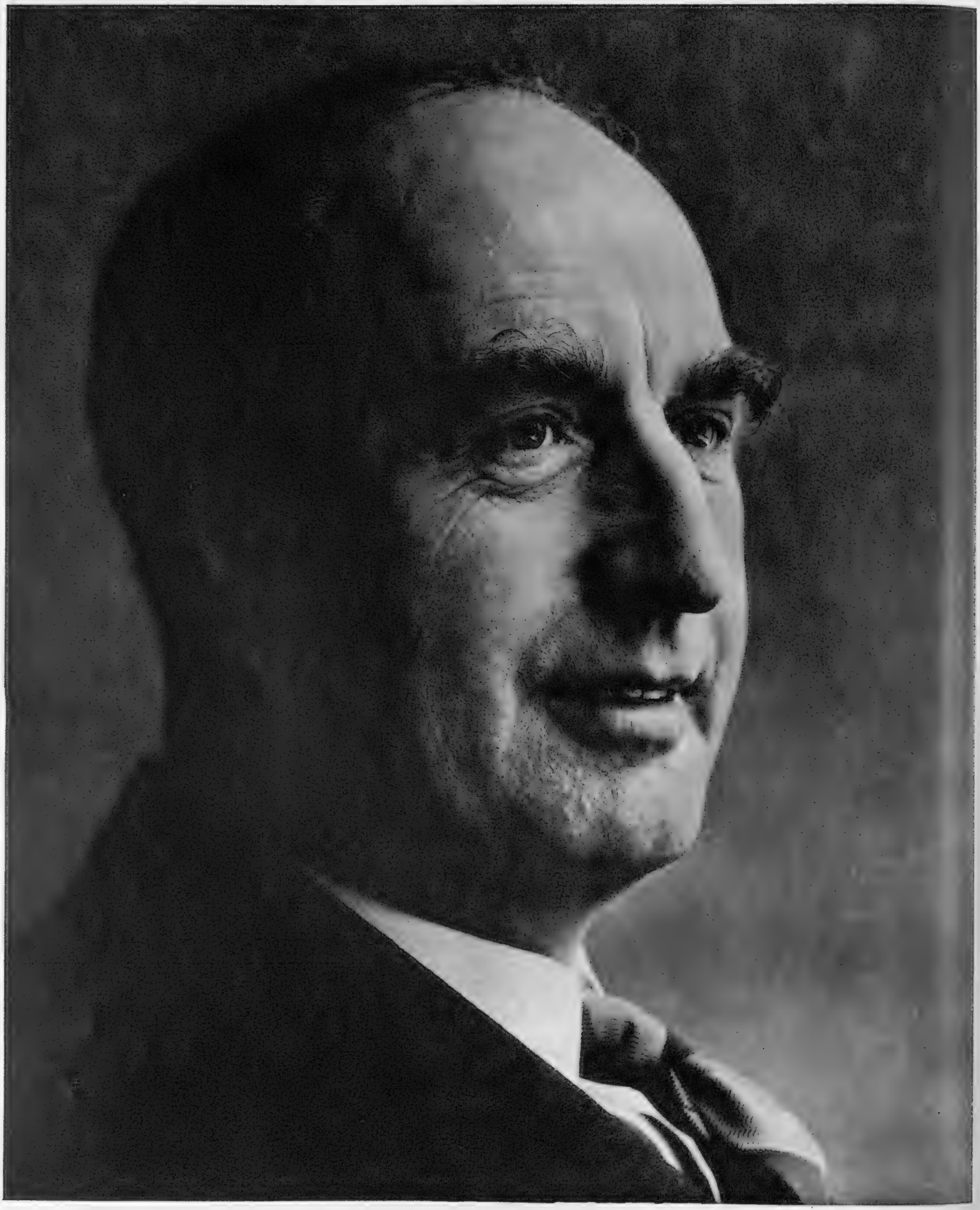
Claire Zachanassian explains her taste for cigars to Schill. Right is John Wise as Bobby

THE VISIT

at the Royalty Theatre

The demand for tickets for this play starring the Lunts has been so great that the limited run, which was to have ended on August 20, has been extended to October 29. Thus the Royalty, the latest theatre to be opened in London, has got off to a flying start. It is probable that it is the actors rather than the play that are drawing the audiences, for this remarkable husband-and-wife partnership provides a standard of skilled, sophisticated acting as applauded in this country as it is in the U.S. Written by the Swiss dramatist, Friedrich Dürrenmatt, *The Visit* is an expressionistic parable of the corrupting power of money in an acquisitive society. It tells the grim story of the return of Claire Zachanassian, the richest woman in the world, to her seedy, decaying home town. She offers its citizens a princely gift of money on one condition, that they give her, in return, the life of her childhood lover, Anton Schill. He brought false witnesses to prove he was not the father of her child, and abandoned her. Although at first outraged, the citizens begin to consider that the money outweighs morality.

Claire Zachanassian stands over the dead Schill, killed by the citizens of the town



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

A. G. B. Owen

The chairman and joint managing director of Rubery Owen and Co. Ltd., and chairman of the Owen Organisation, Mr. Owen is the head of a vast engineering organisation of nearly fifty constituent members, the ramifications of which extend throughout the Midlands and to Australia, Canada and South Africa. The parent company, Rubery Owen, alone covers some 70 acres at Darlaston, in south Staffordshire: it was founded in 1893 by Mr. Owen's father. Alfred George Beech Owen was born at Streetly, in Staffordshire, in 1908 and was educated at Oundle and Cambridge, where he read engineering. On his father's death in 1930, he became chairman and joint managing director of the organisation. Two years later he married and now has three sons and two daughters. Mr. Owen undertakes a highly impressive amount of outside activities. He was one of the original members of the trust formed to build the B.R.M. racing cars and when the trust dissolved, he bought the cars on behalf of the company. But more important are other of Mr. Owen's activities. There is not space for a list of them, but they may be divided into five categories: national—he is vice-chairman of the National Savings Committee and chairman of the Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes: civic—for instance he is chairman of Staffordshire County Council: social work—he is actively concerned with the Boys' Brigade and with work for youth and old people: education—he is chairman of the Council of the University College of North Staffordshire and a governor of Birmingham University: and religious work—he takes a leading part in the Crusader Union and in the Y.M.C.A.

NEW TECHNIQUES IN THE FOUNDRY

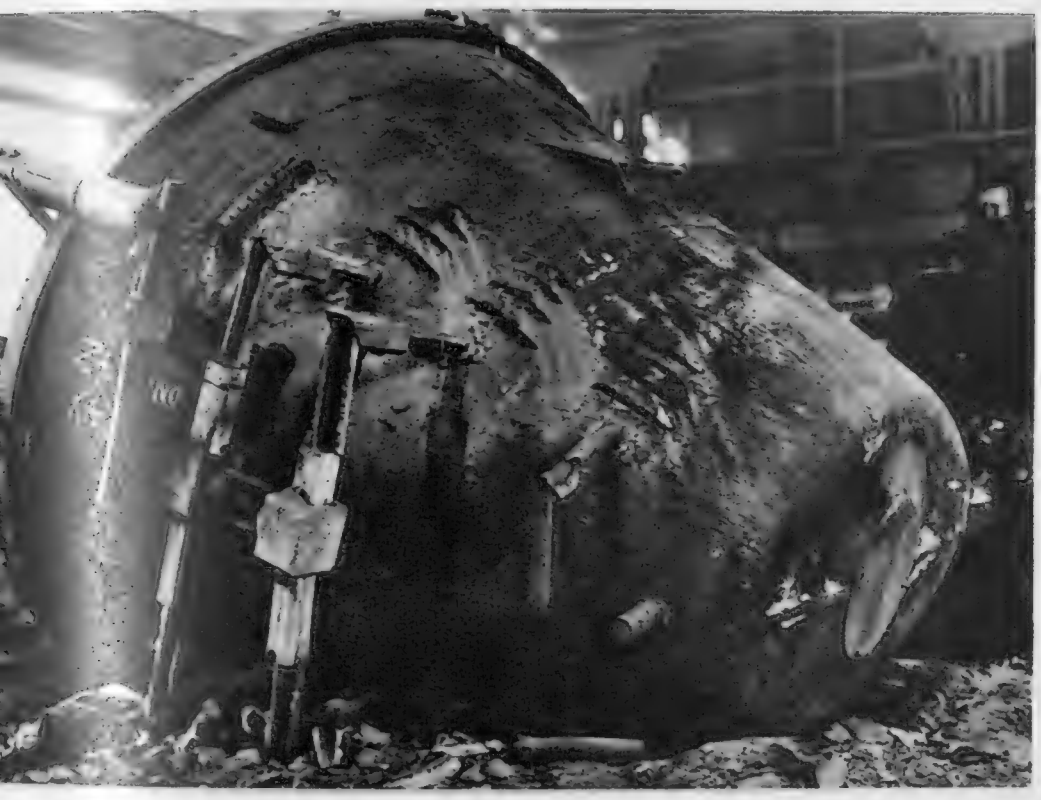
By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Some weeks ago, when I was going round the workshops of one of Britain's largest heavy engineering firms, the executive who was showing me the work they had on hand said, "Now we 've just got time to look at the foundry." I assented—not too enthusiastically. Foundries, particularly the "captive" ones run by engineering companies whose main interest is in more complex products, are usually less than inspiring subjects for the outside observer; some of them range from the squalid to the apparently prehistoric. Moreover, any "jobbing" foundry in which many different things are made, efficient or inefficient, is particularly confusing to the amateur of workshop layout—no part of a factory gives less of a surface impression whether what it does is done well or badly.

This was a jobbing foundry; an average to goodish one, at first sight. It was a clutter, naturally; one walked on what was largely a sand floor or even where it was concrete was covered in sand, and stumbled over rails half-buried in it. On the other hand, the big sand-ramming machines which pack in sand round the patterns in the mould boxes were modern, and their tracks well laid out to fill up from overhead hoppers; and handling gear for the ladles to pour molten iron into the completed moulds looked convenient and safe. I was quietly glad that there was no activity in the fettling shop; men using "wheelabrators" to knock waste odds and ends of metal off rough castings, who have one of the toughest and most unpleasant manual jobs in modern industry outside a mine, also make some of the most unbearable noises. Then something caught my eye. I said, "But you 're dismantling the ovens ?"

"Yes," said my guide. "We 're going over almost completely to gas here." I must still have looked blank. He said, "You know about gas moulding ?" I didn't. I should have. It became clear that there are still new things to learn about a foundry—after how long have we been at it ? Seven thousand years or so. I became somewhat less humiliated, later, when it appeared that even inside the foundry trades, plenty of experts too have only just recently learned about the gas setting of moulds.

Nobody, in fact, has much excuse for not having done so before; the process appears to have been invented, to have attracted little interest, and then to have been lost, at about the turn of the century. That was in Britain; it made no impression on the British foundry industry, which at that time was if anything more important than it is to-day, and even the inventors seemed to lose interest fairly soon. It had to wait forty years to be re-invented in Czechoslovakia; this inventor too took out a British patent. Once again the foundry masters weren't very interested; the patent was allowed to lapse in 1953. It took the company which happened to supply the gas concerned—in this case Imperial Chemical Industries—to buy the rights, revive interest in the technique, and gradually, over the last few years, to get gas setting of moulds accepted generally in British foundries.



The core for this cast-steel slag pot, which weighs about 12 tons, was made by the CO_2/silicate process

One reason that the foundries, time and time again, failed to recognise the value of gas setting in the whole of casting techniques was perhaps that it seemed too simple to amount to anything; good ideas occasionally do. All it amounts to is this. The moulds into which molten metal is poured to make most castings are normally made of special foundry sand shaped out within a metal case, moistened for adhesion, and then baked in an oven for some time to harden them. With gas setting, one mixes the sand, which need not be special moulding sand, with a little powdered sodium silicate, the water-glass one uses to preserve eggs in the kitchen, and shapes the mould in dry sand, without moistening it, in the mould box. Then one covers the top of the open mould and box with something—no more than a sheet of hardboard is needed, with a hole in it—puts in the nozzle of a hose from a carbon dioxide cylinder, and gives the mould a whiff of gas. It hardens instantly; even a big mould, if holes are left in the wall of the sand to allow the gas to get right around it, takes only a few minutes.

The main advantage of this was illustrated, graphically, in the foundry I visited where they were dismantling the ovens. Doing without these and their ancillary handling gear would reduce the capital cost of a new foundry; it would also reduce the delays in making moulds that arise when a succession of moulds of varying sizes have to be baked, and enable a better flow of work through the successive casting processes. Curing the moulds with carbon dioxide, moreover, gives a generally cleaner surface than that of baked moulds; as a result the finish of the castings is better and greater precision may be achieved. This matters a good deal to the customer, who may have to machine away as much as a half of the weight in metal of an ordinary rough casting before it is smooth and precise enough for his purposes.

Precision in casting with this process, indeed, gives nearly as clean a finish as does shell moulding, one of the few other postwar innovations in this trade. Shell moulding uses a thin hollow mould of sand which is bound together by a phenolic resin similar to Bakelite; invented during the war in Germany, this was brought to the United States and Britain by the "B.I.O.S." and "F.I.A.T." teams which carried out so elaborate a job of technical carpet-bagging for the victorious allies inside German industry during the immediate postwar years. (Reparations in which actual German equipment or even whole plants were taken away bodily was seldom a paying proposition in the long run; within a few years, new equipment, put back on the German sites with American money, was competing with the obsolescing plant that the conquerors had taken as spoils. But the technical data those Allied intelligence teams gathered has probably been of much more permanent value. On some of it, when used freely abroad, litigation has developed over licence fees.)

Higher precision, reducing waste in subsequent machining, is one of the elements for which foundries in recent years have been constantly in search, in that it is a point on which they are vulnerable to competition. In the field of large castings, as of large forgings, there has been much development in recent years of the "weldment"—i.e. the fabricated structure built up of steel beam and plate members formed into the necessary shape and reinforced for the strains required, then welded into a rigid, stressed structural member. At the other end of the scale, the drop forging and the light metal pressing have encroached somewhat on the market for the small casting.

But the whole market for castings is pretty immense; there are almost no kinds of machinery and metal appliance, from an ocean liner to a gas cooker, in which iron castings alone do not play a part, while if one includes steel and non-ferrous castings and die-castings (formed under pressure in metal moulds) the field becomes even wider. Britain's iron foundries to-day are producing some 4,100,000 tons of castings a year, with about a fifth of the tonnage going to the automotive industries, a third to general engineering, and a sixth into each of three other markets: building, pressure pipes, and ingot moulds for the forming of steel ingots. There are about 2,000 foundries in the country producing iron castings, many of them "captive" foundries owned by the engineering firm for other departments of which they do most of their work. Man's oldest method of shaping metal—or may forging have come first ?—still remains a technique that engineering technology cannot do without; and which it is managing to adapt by making use of techniques of which the origins are separated from its own by thousands of years in time.

At Whitbread's Brewery, in Chiswell Street, running along the boundary of the City of London, part of the cellars has been transformed into a reception centre for the entertainment of visitors. In the exhibition room, the exhibits include inn signs, photographs and paintings which help to trace the history of the Company and of its public-houses. Other features of the City cellars include a bar, restaurant, and a cinema to seat 66 people. The reception rooms were opened in February of this year and so far more than 4,000 visitors have been entertained in the centre

Hops, which have been dried and pressed, are thrown by hand into copper-domed vessels to be boiled with "wort" (the malt extract from the mash tuns). Normally there are four brews a day

Yeast, the vital fermenting agent which turns wort into beer, is now put into a central yeast mixing vessel. This method, which was developed in Whitbread's Brewery, ensures greater control. Until two years ago it was pitched into the fermenting vessels manually

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY

in the heart of London

At all stages of brewing, samples are taken for checking. **Left:** The wort flows first into this vessel where a duty brewer takes a sample in a measuring cup to examine it against a strong light for strength and colour. **Right:** A sample is taken from a storage vessel in the cellars

After thirty-six hours in the fermenting squares, the wort is dropped into tanks and the yeast is skimmed off automatically. The liquid then rests for about 4½ days, during which it is called beer for the first time. This room at the Whitbread Brewery is known as the Porter Tun Room. Its roof, completed by 1784, has an unsupported span second only in size to Westminster Hall in London. Despite incendiary bombs it has been preserved as a fine example of King Post roof construction in Britain

Right: As the yeast begins to work on the wort to transform it into beer, temperatures are carefully controlled in order to ensure the most effective fermentation

Below:
A duty brewer checks the temperature gauge as mash (ground malt mixed with hot liquor) flows into the mash tuns

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY

Whitbread's, a family business employing over a thousand people at its main brewery on either side of Chiswell Street, has been brewing beer on the same site for more than 200 years. Although, through the centuries, the basic principles of brewing have not changed, the Company have introduced new methods and new machinery. Traditionally, the brewing vessels have been made of copper but, now, many of them are being replaced by stainless steel. Particular advances have been made in brewing since 1871 when Louis Pasteur visited the brewery at the invitation of the partners to study the fermentation of malt liquors.

Beer is an extract of malted barley, mixed with hops and fermented with yeast. The malt gives it body and strength; the hops a slightly bitter flavour, and the yeast transforms it from a " wort " to a vital living substance, beer. Until required for brewing, the malt is stored in large vessels which are known as hoppers. When the brewing process begins, the malt is first run through mills, where foreign substances are extracted before the grains are cracked. It is then passed to the copper-domed mash tuns and mixed with water (known in the industry as " liquor "), to be boiled with hops. Subsequently, the liquid, which is known as " wort," is passed through a hop-back to extract the spent hops. It then flows as a bitter-sweet liquid to the fermenting squares where yeast is pitched in to start the fermentation process. After some 24 to 36 hours, the yeast is skimmed off the top and the wort continues to ferment for a further four to seven days in tanks of Welsh slate or stainless steel, in the vast Porter Tun Room. Towards the final stages in the brewing process, the beer is run down to the storage vessel, or, in the case of mild ale, direct to casks. Beer for bottling is brewed entirely separately and, after being stored in the brewery cellars, is sent in bulk to the bottling depots.

At depots in Britain and Belgium 1,250,000 bottles are filled every working day. This year a new depot was opened at Loughborough, near Leicester, to bring the United Kingdom total to 40; in Belgium the Company have two depots—one at Brussels and one at Antwerp. At the depots, modern labour-saving devices include an automatic machine which crates more than 1,500 dozen bottles an hour.

In the Mill Room, the malt is cracked between steel rollers before being passed to cases above the mash tuns. There are four machines, each of which is capable of cracking 240 bushels of malt per hour

Two coopers are repairing casks. The Company employ sixteen coopers who are masters of their craft; there is also an apprentice coopers' school

The filling of casks is known in the brewery as " racking." In this picture the men are " racking " Best Ale in the cellars

Whitbread's own a large fleet of vehicles which cover over 6,000,000 miles in a year. The vehicles total 513 and range in size from the giant 80-barrel tankers (each holding 2,886 gallons) to the smaller 3-ton lorries carrying draught or bottled beer. In 1954, the Company began their service to the Continent by night ferry and, now, as many as ten tankers a week are shipped from Dover to Dunkirk en route to Belgium. Altogether, Whitbread's beer is exported to sixty-three countries. It is interesting to record that by 1796 their beer was being sent to the Continent, South Africa, the Americas, Australia, New Zealand, India and the Far East.

Whitbread's also maintain sixteen horse-drawn drays (with a stable of thirty Shire horses), which deliver beer daily to the Company's public-houses within a three-mile radius of Chiswell Street. The horses, standing 18 hands high, are used each year to haul the Lord Mayor's Coach and, on special ceremonial occasions, the Speaker's Coach.

A great tradition of the Company is their reception of visitors, both from this country and from overseas. In view of the increasing number (last year there were more than 6,000), the Company have transformed part of the Chiswell Street cellars into a reception area.

The Second World War necessarily brought about a great change in both the social structure of the nation and in its drinking habits. Restrictions on building and the shortages of supplies and materials greatly affected brewers as they were unable to carry out maintenance or repair work on their own public-houses. As soon as restrictions were lifted brewing companies found it necessary to spend vast sums in renovating existing pubs as well as building new ones. Whitbread's were quick to take up the challenge. In 1949, they reorganised their finances and floated a public issue of shares to give them a sound financial structure in readiness for expansion and development. In the same year, they employed a firm of industrial designers to advise on the redecoration of a number of their public-houses, and created what are now known as " theme " houses. The first of these was the Nag's Head in Covent Garden, which attracts many visitors from overseas as well as those who work in the locality. In its new decor, prints, pictures and other items of interest are used to trace the history of Covent Garden and of the two Theatres Royal. Six other " theme " houses followed within the next few years. They were The Yorker in Piccadilly (with the theme of cricket); The Railway Tavern, Liverpool Street (British Railways); The Sherlock Holmes, Northumberland Street (Conan Doyle's detective); The Coach and Eight at Putney (rowing), and The Printer's Devil, Fetter Lane (the history of printing). At the same time equal care was being paid to the redecoration and rebuilding of other pubs, the most famous of which is The Samuel Whitbread, in Leicester Square.

To-day, Whitbread's, which employ more than 6,000 people, own five breweries, including Mackeson's at Hythe (birth-place of Mackeson Stout). They have also recently entered into association with more than twenty brewing companies in Britain. In Norfolk, Whitbread's have their own maltings, and in Kent they have both maltings and hopfields; most of the ancient oast houses in Kent having been fitted with oil furnaces to replace coke fires. Another innovation at the hopfields is the spraying by helicopters to control pests and diseases.

Below: Soldier and Sailor, two of thirty shire horses employed to deliver beer within a three-mile radius of the brewery

MOTORING

A TRIUMPH IN AMERICA

Interior Silent Travel ; Armstrong Siddeley spares and other information

by **Courtenay Edwards**

I have often complained that the top executives of Britain's car firms do not themselves do enough driving in their own models, particularly in the foreign countries where they are trying to do better business. So I am happy to record that Mr. Alick Dick, managing director of the Standard-Triumph organisation, and his sales director, Mr. Mike Whitfield, recently did thousands of miles of motoring in the U.S., mostly in Triumph TR3 sports two-seaters.

They went over primarily to attend the British Exhibition in New York, where the British motor industry put up a splendid show. Before the exhibition opened, Messrs. Dick and Whitfield, accompanied by their genial public relations chief, Mr. Jack Croft, visited New Orleans, Houston (Texas), Phoenix (Arizona), Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver (Colorado) and Chicago.

opinion there is no more enjoyable form of motoring—in the right weather. Putting the hood up each night and once during a sudden storm presented no difficulty, though it is still impossible, seemingly, to design a hood that does not damage the fingernails when the press-studs are being manipulated. One reason, perhaps, why most women who buy a TR3 (or bully their husbands into doing so) go for the hard-top.

Considering its crisp acceleration and top speed of over 100 miles an hour, the TR3 is remarkably economical, and my own petrol consumption worked out at close on 30 miles to the gallon for the whole trip, most of it conducted at a fairly brisk pace. The low-revving, 1,991-c.c. 4-cylinder engine has twin S.U. carburettors and a compression ratio of 8·5 to one (yet did not pink on any of the various brands of "super" I used). It develops 100 brake-horse-power at 5,000 r.p.m.

New Dunlop Elite tyres are given a "wet-hold" test on the skid pan at Fort Dunlop

"I wanted to call on some of our distributors and discuss our mutual problems on their own doorstep," Mr. Dick told me back in England. "I also wanted to see for myself the road and traffic conditions under which our cars are used in America.

"In addition to the TR3—of which we sold 23,000 in the U.S. last year and shall do so again in 1960—we send to America the three Herald models, mostly coupés and convertibles, and the Triumph estate wagon, known in Britain as the 10-h.p. Standard Companion.

"British car manufacturers are facing growing competition in the U.S. from the new, locally-built compact cars, but my own firm claims to be providing American motorists with forms of transportation not available from their own car people."

I, too, have just done a lot of pleasurable motoring in a TR3 which did not give me a moment's anxiety during a business tour which took me 2,500 miles through France. I was covering the 24-hours sports-car race at Le Mans (in which Aston Martin, Lotus, Healey, M.G. and Triumph did well for Britain), the tough Alpine Trial (dominated by Healeys and Jaguars) and the French Grand Prix at Rheims (a real Cooper-Climax benefit).

My itinerary embraced Chamonix, Chambéry and Cannes, and afforded some enjoyable motoring in a car which never failed to start at the very first touch of the button, and which could not have suited me better had it been tailor-made. It was a convertible, and in the warm sunshine of southern France I travelled with the hood down most of the time. In my My car was fitted with a Laycock de Normanville overdrive operating on the top three ratios of a four-speed box.

This added tremendously to the car's flexibility and to the fun I got from driving it. For checking the speed of the car while cruising fast, and for getting extra revs quickly and effortlessly when overtaking you simply flick the fingertip switch placed conveniently just behind the steering-wheel.

The TR3 costs £991, including purchase tax, or £1,041 in hard-top form. The use of Girling disc brakes on the front wheels, which cope with 60 per cent. of the braking, gives impressively safe stopping power. And don't forget that the TR3, back in 1956, was Britain's first volume-produced car to be fitted with discs as standard equipment.

My wise-cracking passenger for part of the time on my Continental trip was Mr. Donald Healey, the clever Cornishman who designed the Healey sports cars now being built by the British Motor Corporation. During a discussion on brakes I was surprised to hear Donald say he thought the advantages of disc brakes had been exaggerated and that there is a tendency to offer them on medium-priced family saloons more as a sales gimmick than for real technical merit.

"Discs certainly give more stopping power and greater freedom from 'fade,'" said Mr. Healey, "and are indispensable on sports models and fast saloons. On normal family saloons I think the old-fashioned drum brake is still very much better. For one thing, they have a 'self-servo' action which discs lack. The metal discs get distorted because of uneven heat dissipation and the discs and pads are subjected to excessive wear through their exposure to road filth and salt. If you shroud them you deprive them of one of their virtues: quick cooling. Motorists will find they will have to replace discs as well as pads."

I have just visited a small factory at Eaton Bray, near Dunstable, where a father-and-son enterprise called Interior Silent Travel makes sound-deadening, fit-them-yourself kits for forty different types of car. They range in price from £4 15s. for an Austin Seven, to £8 for a car like the Wolseley 6/99.

"We cut out pieces of closely-woven, specially-made felt and tuck them under the floor carpets, drape them over the bulkhead in the engine compartment and stick them on the underside of the bonnet lid," said Mr. Glynne Grant, a former cinema manager who runs the firm with his son Richard.

I tried out a Morris Mini-Minor "treated" by the Interior Silent Travel method. I was amazed by its quietness compared with my own Austin Seven. It gives this splendid little car a new air of luxury and must inevitably cut fatigue—and so promote road safety—in this and any other make of car to which it is applied.

Briefly . . . Good news for Armstrong Siddeley owners: it is officially announced that the service and spares organisation of this *marque* will be maintained for ten years at least. . . .

Power-assisted braking is now available for £12 17s. 6d. for all Vauxhall 6-cylinder models built since October 1957. . . .

A four-wheel-drive Austin Gipsy all-purpose car has successfully completed a gruelling 2,000-miles endurance test which included nearly 1,000 cross-country miles among the peat bogs of north Scotland. . . .

Dunlop announce a new tyre—the Elite—with a tread made from a brand new synthetic rubber which improves road grip, cuts skidding risk and eliminates squeal. Price: one-third above normal. . . .

Risk of an all-round increase in car insurance premiums recedes with news that in 1959 the big British companies collectively enjoyed a small surplus on their domestic motor business after a succession of unprofitable years. . . .

Miss Denise McCann (who was featured in one of *The Sphere's* series of "Women in Business" in our issue of May 28), principal of the far-flung British School of Motoring, has offered the Transport Ministry full co-operation if the Government evolves a scheme for the registration of driving instructors. . . .

The A.A.'s splendid new *Road Book for Scotland* has 322 pages, details of 2,000 towns and villages in a 173-page alphabetical gazetteer, 32 pages of coloured maps—and over 1,000 drawings. Available to A.A. members at £1 (12s. 6d. without the pictures). . . .

Two useful new gadgets by Colley Accessories: a collapsible, reflective warning triangle of the type Italy insists on in case of car breakdowns (15s. 6d.); and a set of eight neat rubber buffers to clip on to roof rack bars to prevent damage by rubbing (6s. the set). . . .

Berkeley Cars, of Biggleswade, announce a de luxe version of their three-wheeler. Powered by a 328-c.c. Excelsior twin two-stroke engine, it costs £425 including tax.

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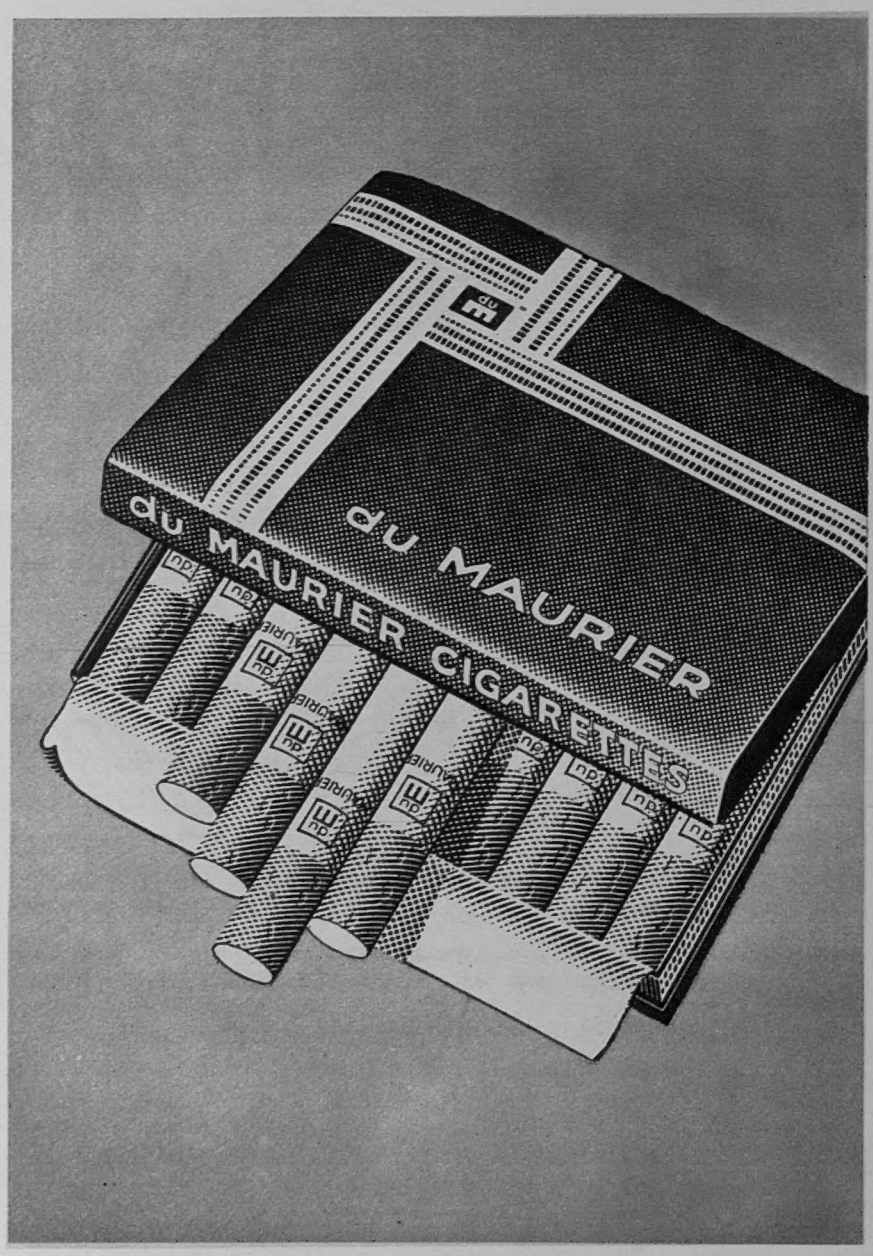

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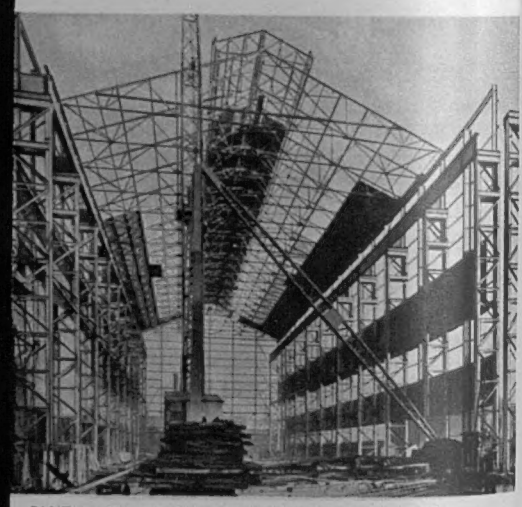

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

FOR six days we have been on hotel safari in Kent and Sussex and, as there are some who suspect that we only see hotels through reflected roseate hues of innumerable red carpets, let me assure you that it is the exception rather than the rule to give any indication of our intended visit.

Setting off from our home in West Sussex, we, as is always our wont, steered a course which avoided as far as possible all main roads and what a fascinating run it was, hugging the north face of the South Downs and bringing us to our first objective in time for lunch—*The Birch Hotel*, Haywards Heath, which, from a restaurant and residential hotel angle, is admirably located. Here the restaurant is to be enlarged and kitchens re-equipped to meet greater demand; the once squash courts converted into up-to-date living quarters for the staff; a new filtration plant provided for the splendid swimming-pool and hotel bedrooms redecorated. Substantially built, the country house character will remain the same, as does its healthy situation—400 ft. above sea-level with unrestricted views over to the South Downs.

Next on our list, with the South Downs still very much a part of the landscape, we revisited a sixteen bedroom hotel—*North Court Hotel*, Hassocks.

Admirably located is this proportional country house hotel in Stanford Avenue, three minutes' walk from Hassocks station.

As a consequence an increasing clientele of cross-Channel motorists (Newhaven/Dieppe), house hunters, holiday makers and particularly winter residents are attracted to *North Court*—where Mrs. Janet Woods and her partner Miss Katherine Lord not only cook in a manner refreshingly different from the average but, by studying the personal needs of their guests, have created a very pleasant atmosphere.

Still with the South Downs in view, we came to Ditchling, Lewes and, following the Sussex Ouse, emerged on the Brighton/Eastbourne Coast road. Turning eastward for about a couple of miles we came to a signpost on our left which read " Bishopstone Village. No through road." Here at the end—perhaps a mile and a half off the road—nestling in a fold of the Downs lies *Little Hallands;* which Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford opened as an hotel and country club in 1957. Fortunate indeed were we to have almost the only available bedroom, and with a private bathroom, for *Little Hallands* is one of the most restful and charmingly furnished country house hotels in the whole of Britain. It was heartrending that we could only stay one night, so it was with extreme reluctance that we made our departure the next morning after enjoying again Mrs. Crawford's delicious cooking.

Our first call the following day was another country house hotel of character, *Deans Place*, overlooking the fascinating downland village of Alfriston. New owners had acquired this hotel since our last visit, so we were curious to ascertain whether they were in tune with their surroundings. A talk with Mr. and Mrs. Bell convinced us that they have the right ideas and the ability to carry them out. (A week later we returned unexpectedly and enjoyed an excellent lunch.)

Threading our way through unfrequented Sussex lanes we struck the Lewes/Hastings road and passing through Herstmonceux and Boreham Street we came once more to *Whitefriars Hotel*, which was one of our earliest and most satisfactory recommendations. Alas! Mr. and Mrs. Wreford, who had been its owners for over twenty years, have in the fullness of time found it necessary to retire; but we are glad to report that the Company which have acquired *Whitefriars* are well versed in catering and intend maintaining and developing the high standards of the Buttery and the country house atmosphere above stairs. After a talk with one of the new owners, Mr. E. R. Phillips, we feel well satisfied that the continuance of our recommendation is well justified.

A few miles further eastwards we came to *Moor Hall Hotel*, Ninfield, where Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hamer, the owners, greeted us as if they had not a care in the world. In fact they have but one, that of looking after their visitors, and this was endorsed by a retired General to whom we had recommended *Moor Hall* some two years ago. He followed our advice and is still there!

It was nearing lunch time and we had *Greyhorses Hotel*, once the home of Cyril Maude, on our agenda. A country house hotel, it lies in its own garden just off the main Eastbourne/Bexhill road at Little Common. Pulling in at nearly 1.20 p.m. we enquired rather timorously whether we could have a table and after a short wait one became vacant. And an excellent lunch it was. No great choice, but what we did select was tasty and all hot dishes were piping hot. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the owners, took, because of staff shortage, the principal roles themselves for, while Mrs. Gamble did the waiting, we learnt afterwards that Mr. Gamble did all the cooking.

Eastbourne was our next port of call and how inviting it looked in the early June sunshine. One of the best laid out towns in the country, practically the whole of the Grand Parade is given over to hotels. The *Chatsworth Hotel* was fully booked except for a first floor double bedroom facing the sea. And very comfortable we found it. A telephone by our bedside, electric razor plug points and each room has been wired for wireless or television. A sound family hotel with an all the year season, the *Chatsworth* has, in Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hornsby, the advantage of young and experienced resident owners. Always we find on returning some new amenity; and this time it was a small cocktail causerie for the exclusive use of resident guests and those who might come in for meals.

Catering has always been a feature here, but being only one nighters we could not hope to compete with our fellow visitors, who had clearly imbibed more of Eastbourne's appetite-making air than we had.

Space does not permit of outlining the remainder of our itinerary, but suffice to say it embraced St. Leonards, Rye, the Romsey Marshes, Hythe, Folkestone, Canterbury and the Thanet Coast.

Readers interested in any of these locations are invited to write to me.

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Several naval vessels have been called ALBION after the ancient and poetical name for Britain, the latest being the aircraft-carrier of 22,000 tons. The first ALBION was a 74-gun ship, built in 1763, and is shown here silhouetted against the green slopes of Monk's Hill in English Harbour, Antigua. She is wearing the red ensign as belonging to the squadron of a Rear Admiral of the Red. To the right a 36-gun frigate is being careened. She is heeled over, her copper-sheathed hull has been scraped and underwater damage immediately above the keel is being repaired.